CAREFUL! THIS RAG IS A TESLA COIL!

#6

FAUX WOOD PANELING

A

COMICS

ACIDC

Melvin

Claude

Bessy

Heavy Mother II

Spatulas

Walls Floating

Mordecai

Jean Cremet

Gabriel DropOut!

FREE ADVERTISING

in exchange for information!

A note about *that* font, from the website https://bigman-littledog.com/ ...

THIS FONT IS CALLED ROB RIOUX: TYPEFACE FOR A FRIEND

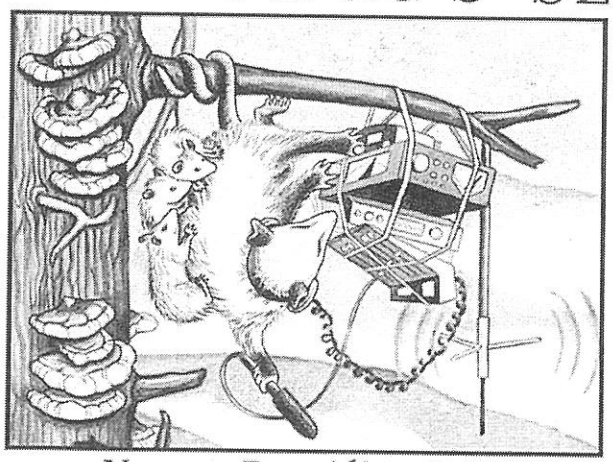
"As a unique tribute to Rob Rioux's life (and penmanship), we (Lillian and Anthony) created a typeface based on his handwriting. The process started by scanning CDs that Rob had burned for Lillian back before there were digital music formats. He used a sharpie to write the artist's/album's name. Next, Anthony performed his magical design skillz to make the typeface. It was also included in Nola 'Nacular's (Anthony's gallery) Typography show in December 2023."

My thoughts on Rob around the time of this project:

"I volunteered at KSER-FM in Everett WA., and Rob had the Friday morning slot. I'd be driving to work (the Mukilteo Brooklyn Bros. pizza parlor) and he'd be playing a great blend of music, some requests, but mostly just what he fancied at the moment. One day it was Nat King Cole's "Nature Boy" which I'm sure I heard before, but as a Pirtle-chune it took on a new, important context."

- WADE OBERLIN, RADIO COLLEAGUE

Mister Pirtle's SLR



9am-Noon Pacific KSER.org

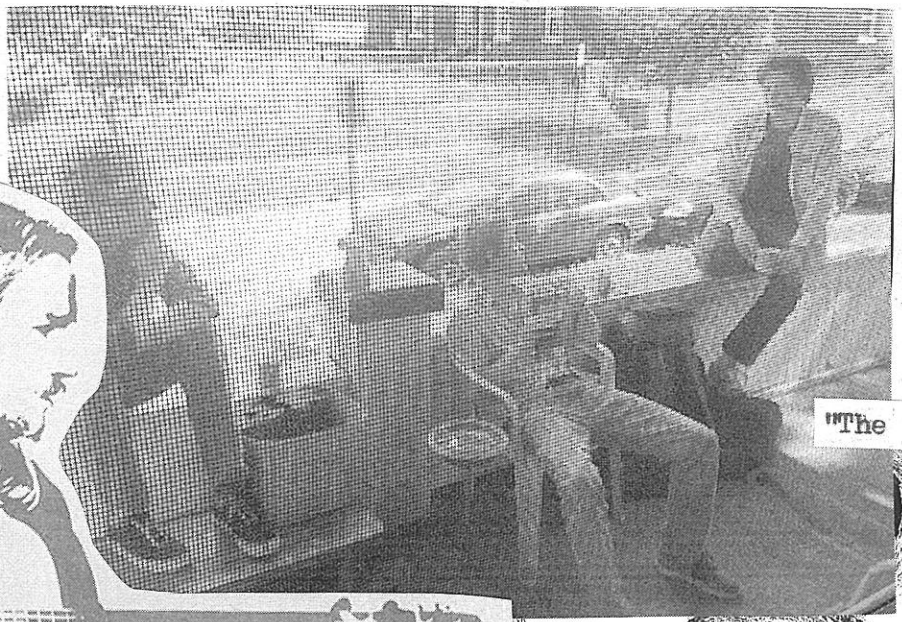
FWP #6 A,B,C GOES LIKE THIS...

Remember my arenaceous vacation piece from FWP #3, "**Our Sabulous Time?**" I stayed cool this summer and kept close to home. I poured most of my efforts into this as the heat-death of the world is certainly upon us each would-be stifling day. I intend to observe, feel and do my best to enjoy myself. Cheers. Here also are bonus materials, in jumbled order:

Timothy Buchanan has done due diligence in presenting a greater overall picture of **Una Mae Carlisle**, a dimmed star of shellac, radio and film. Duke Ellington jumpstarted her broadcasting career. She played with Lester Young and Fats Waller. The tales of her times with the latter are humorous. Her story overall- magic, and tragic. Get to know Una Mae Carlisle in the bonus booklet included in this issue. FWP 6C.

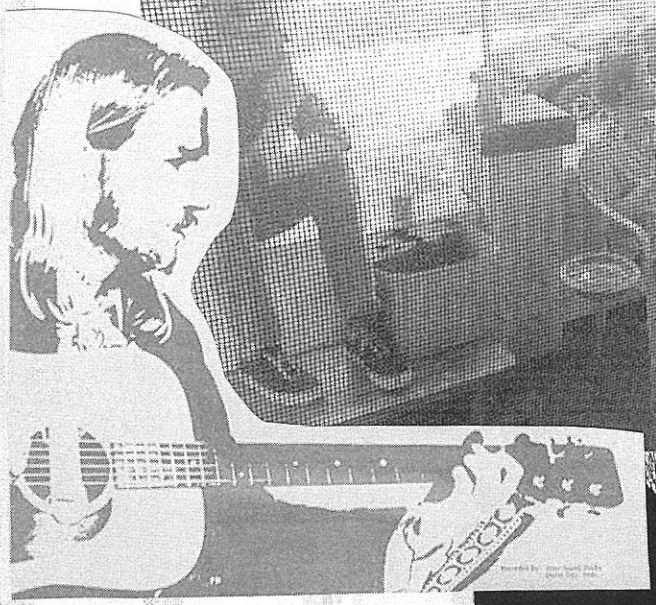
What is Me
graham james

Thru the mesh we see MORDECAI, who cover a Graham James tune



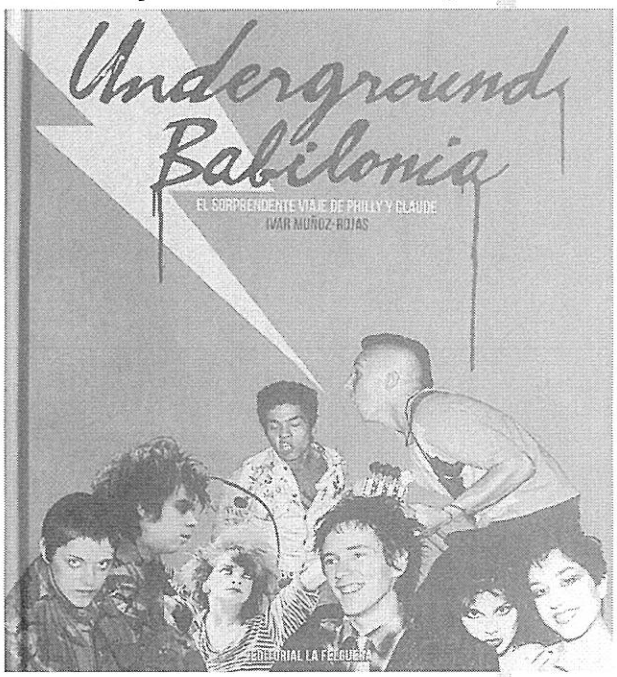
on thee enclosed FWP flexi:

"The Superlative Life Is Free"



FWP6B

WE LAUGH SO HARD IT HURTS: UNFURLING CLAUDE BESSY



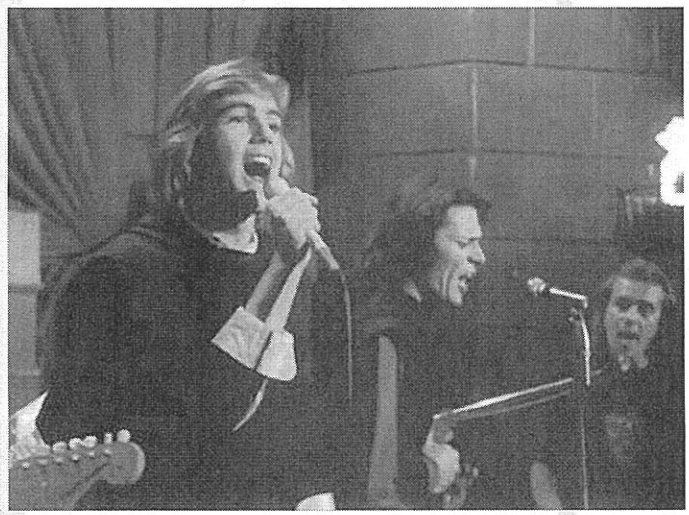
Along with the Decline of Western Civilization film, **Lexicon Devil** made me really appreciate this Claude Bessy guy. Sometime in 2019 I moved back home and started my blessed work with WCSU-FM, a mostly automated jazz station. All-things punk still on the brain, the gig provided me with plenty of time to read and research. This work was especially great during the scare of Covid-19.

Before the plague hit Ohio or anyplace else really besides that lab in Wuhan, it came to pass that Ivar Muñoz-Rojas of Spain had produced the very fine "**Underground Babilonia: El Sorprendente Viaje De Philly Y Claude**" (Le Felguara) ...and it was *allllll* in Spanish- no deterrent, "I'd like nothing more than to read this thing!" I bought a copy and unquestioningly began to transcribe the book into a Word document.

Before we go on with some choice anecdotes in English, what exactly did I know about SLASH and Claude Bessy beforehand, through the written word?

Most of what I knew was gleaned from **A Whore Just Like The Rest** (De Capo) (see Meltzer's "Cocktails With Claude") and **Lexicon Devil** (Feral House), as I said, one of the ultimate punk oral histories. After having **Underground Babilonia** translated thru my multilingual pal Hunter, here were some major takeaways that I hadn't seen anywhere else:

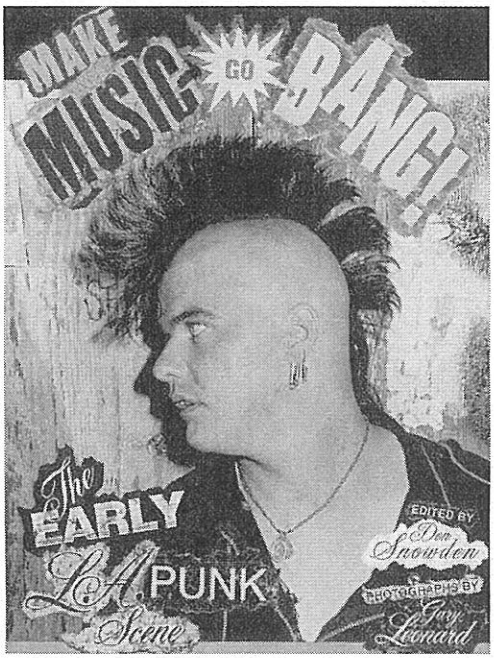
1) Claude got a SAG card and did an episode of The Hardy Boys as "Frenchy" ...appearing in Season Two, Episode 1, "The Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew Meet Dracula" (!!!) About 14 minutes in, the Hardy Boys manage to join a rock band (which includes Claude's "Frenchy") who will go on to play at Dracula's Castle- they hop into their VW bus and proceed to sing a big chunk of *"Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da"* together! At 41:24, Shaun Cassidy sings lead while Claude seems to be on



backup vocals and is playing tambourine! Claude bought Philomena her own camera with his hard-won earnings from this swell piece of TV kitsch.

2) The journey of Philomena's photographs into Ivar's hands, some of which made it into SLASH, but not all… snaps of John Lydon, Genesis P-Orridge, Nick Cave, Sonic Youth (which she may or may not have taken), Ted Milton, Penetration…
3) I had not realized that Brendan Mullen's club, The Masque, was across the street from Steve Boardner's, a Hollywood bar and institution of some notoriety (Elizabeth Short, The Black Dahlia, is said to have had her last drink there).

During this time of translation (while operating The Richard Meltzer Fanclub) I found a number of other books that would cover similar territory. One treasure chest entitled "**Make The Music Go Bang! The Early L.A. Punk Scene**" (St. Martin's Griffin) featured Claude's remembrances of L.A. MUSIC in the 70's circa 1997 ("LESS THAN TOTAL RECALL, BY WHAT'S HIS FACE"). Fiery as ever, he asks who the fuck cares anymore and just what type of person is reading this- kids, or his hard drinkin' drinking buddies of the age? A couple years later, Claude was dead.



Once the translation of **Underground Babilonia** was complete, I got a couple o' other tomes that revealed some crucial nuggets… Chris D's more recent "**WRITING FOR SLASH 1977 – 1981 THE-KNOW-IT-ALL-YEARS**" (Poison Fang Books) shared a fresh insider look at the inner workings of the mag- a big memory being about how he hardly ever got dibs on a rekkid if Claude wanted to review it, own it, or *whathaveyou*.

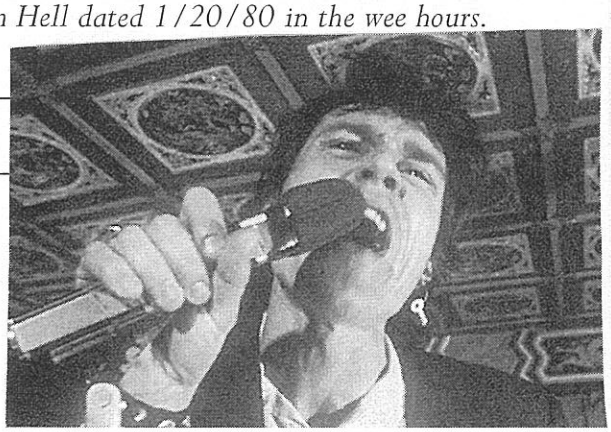
That's all in the introduction.

Claude on Tape!

"Listen - you've got the biggest problem: you live with yourself and that's a BUMMUH."

Claude Bessy's rebuff to a caller on an episode of Hepcats From Hell dated 1/20/80 in the wee hours. Catholic Discipline on KPFK.

Searchable on The Richard Meltzer Fanclub



Besides the revelatory Hepcats From Hell programs that I received last year (tapes, files and reels sent in from prior radio engineers now digitized and uploaded to archive.org), my most recent reignition of excitement for this stuff came *real* recently in June 2024 when the cheapest copy of **SLASH: A PUNK MAGAZINE FROM LOS ANGELES 1977-80** (H&B) that I could find hit my doorstep!

It turned out that this brick had quips that would reappear in **Underground Babilonia**... boy, I should not have been surprised. Still, maybe the jumbo-type and the fine design n' presentation of the whole thing just bowled me over. While **SLASH** and **Babilonia** are both great looking books, it's easy to see how- to an English reader -the Ivar Muñoz-Rojas edition may seem redundant at times, but honestly, how many people would have seen both? The folks at Feral House must've...

Anyway, al-right, okay, before *really* GETTING ON WITH IT and heaping on some choice Ivar-bits from **Underground Babilonia**, here are a couple extra refs. You know, RICHARD MELTZER refs.

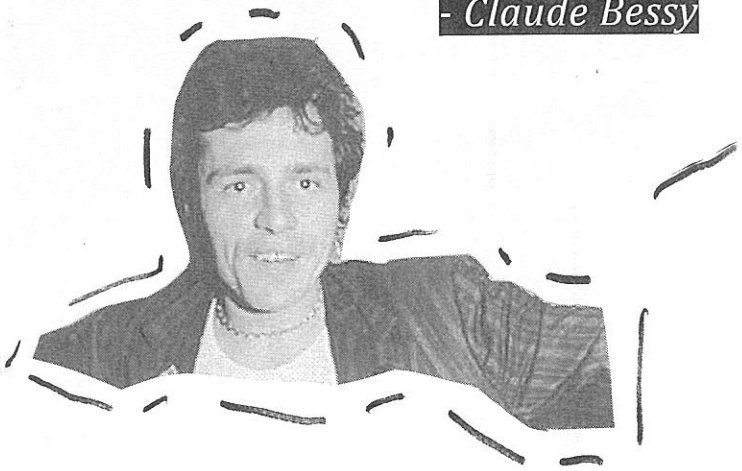
Meltzer was strangely absent from the Spanish ver. of the Claude and Philly retelling. "Cocktails With Claude" goes unmentioned, as does Richard's obit for Bessy. In Meltzerian fashion, he simply recycled a poem from his poetry collection **17 INSECTS CAN DIE IN YOUR HEART - good verse and bad from Richard Meltzer's golden decade (1968-83)**, and added a new introduction:

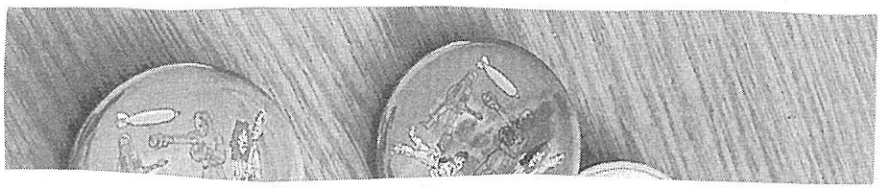
RICHARD MELTZER, WRITER

Kickboy was a decent enough hellion, and a decent enough human for a hellion. A sentimental old slob, even (I saw him cry once). It is sad, sad, sad that he's dust. I found this poem I wrote for him, after he'd already split L.A.:

To Claude Bessy at Whisky [à Go-Go]
Acoustic Punk Nite, April '81
you can call him Kick Boy
and you can call him Prick Boy
when he had T.B. he was a Sick Boy
but don't call him Hick Boy
he does not like hicks
he does not like folkies
he does not like folk
he pukes on poets
and would not print Chris D. in his own damn mag
he spits on acoustic
and wouldn't be here tonite
if he wasn't stuffing envelopes for
Rough Trade in London W. Eleven
seven times I heard him say
Richard Casey the Irish drunk
was only a Mick Boy
but Claude you silly old muh-fuh
you are not a Slick Boy
and haven't been a hippie for
at least 6 years
you use the cheapest shave cream
this side of soap
carefully avoiding the SLASH of
your safety blade
straight razors forced you to walk out
on Dressed To Kill
'cause hot blood on metal is not your meat
but it's the mythos that counts,
y'old Kickeroo
and nobody threaded that needle
more mythically
than you.

To the left of the sane mountain range,
behind houses and tears,
behind fences and lies
lives a derelict computer
disguised as a young romantic couple.
In the mornings,
when the dust shimmers in the heat
and the bushes try to sway,
their one delighted fearful thought
(Hallelujah the madness is spreading)
takes the shape of a prayer,
and like an opaque globe
almost materializes above the plain:
Hallelujah the madness is spreading.
- Claude Bessy





SAN DIEGO READER – More Richard Meltzer; this time he got to mention Claude in a preview for The Cramps. All of these San Diego pieces except maybe one or two are now available on The Richard Meltzer Fanclub page and are also available via the SD Reader archive itself in PDF form.

OF NOTE

By Richard Meltzer

Okay, put yer "caps" on — here's a good one. What was the only front-line seventies punk band to record a cover of a Ricky Nelson song — and not as comedy?

The Cramps.

Yes — "Lonesome Town" — the original version of which, you'd guess, was prob'ly intended as a delayed sequel to "Heartbreak Hotel" — "there's a place where lovers go" and all such crap. The Cramps turned it into a dirge-and-a-half about alienation or something, a doom/gloom prototype for the likes of Joy Division, Killing Joke, Bauhaus, et al to try and measure up to. It was also one of the Cramps' slowest, least rhythmic outings (but still, yes, a masterpiece).

The first time I heard the thing was Sept. or Oct. of '79, when *Slash* mag editor Claude Bessy, a/k/a Kickboy Face, brought a British import copy to my Saturday all-night punk show on KPFK. He also brought along Throbbing Gristle, Tapper Zukie, and James Chance — but the Cramps were the ones who stuck out.

Twenty years later, just the other week, Claude died in Barcelona of lung cancer (hey kids — don't smoke-a them cigareets). He was one of the most fun guys I've ever known from either the cheery or the gloomy side o' the tracks, rendering such distinctions kind of absurd. He was also, for what it's worth, the Real Lester Bangs — wrote rings around him without ripping off Jack Kerouac!

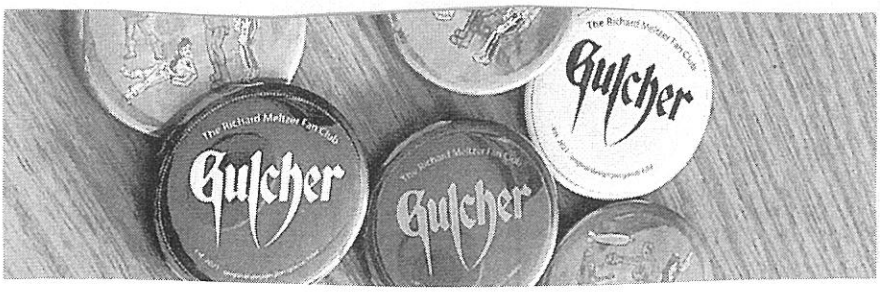
The Fabulous Monsters open.

(To hear a sample of **The Cramps,** *call 619-233-9797, wait for the prompt, then punch in ext. 4106.)*

THE CRAMPS, 4th & B, Saturday, November 6, 9 p.m. 619-231-4343 or 619-220-8497. $10.

STUFF MAGAZINE – This mag in question and others like it belong to Eddie Flowers. They were given away, and he picked them up… a monthly freebie displaying full-page ads of hip stuff with some raw writing in juxtaposition. Another Steve Samiof creation that started in '79 while SLASH went through a turnover of sorts *cough*.

Claude bid America goodbye and fuck you from these pages, where he claimed to be a one-mag-man typically, but what the heck. SLASH then STUFF then *Sayonara!* This piece ran next to a Meltzer entry also. My apologies if the image here is too small to *actually* read but- you guessed it -this is ALSO available via the Twitter/X fanclub page. Dig the all-caps action!



A MISSED OPPORTUNITY

(or, it just won't be a party without him...)

by Claude Bessy

. . . Fuckin' hell assholes such a bloody destructo machine to make you fuckin' over-amp in the synapse department, shit you cunts don't really compute, that garage-born minimalist attack of pure, vicious aggression especially in that glorious screech that makes anyone's pubes curl up like a pig nog's wig unless you're one of those spandex swishes we don't mind beating the dung out of after some good pogo bouncing and eighty proof swiggling, hey jerks I am talking to you, yea you minute mother-fuck excuse of a beach punkoid, like if . . . . . OOOPS. HOLD IT THERE A MINUTE. YEA HOLD IT. LEMME CHECK OUT SOMETHING HERE. . . . . JUST AS I THOUGHT. WRONG OUTLET. SCRATCH IT. BACK TO ZERO. APOLOGIES. I AM IN THE WRONG PAPER. THIS AIN'T SLASH. NOPE, IT SURE AIN'T. (embarrassed silence. Someone coughs.) Oh boy what a fuck-up. Sorry, I mean what a . . . . . (what's the acceptable word for fuck-up?? make love up?) See, unlike many hacks about town I am not exactly used to hopping about from media outlet to media outlet, one week in L.A. Weekly next in Pro Fun, that kind of authoritative aesthetic circuit of modern angelenc consciousness you lot get all your info from, not me bub I'm more of a one paper man, yep, and that pap (as they say in the sleazoid science fiction paperbacks) ain't none other than slash, the one that rhymes with trash. For those amongst you sophisticos and tight assed surface trendies that still don't click, I'll put it in a perspective you can't fail to dig, something that will relate my coordinates to the jello-textured contents of your pretty skull and make a mark there: SLASH is kind of a WET magazine of the Unwashed, amongst many other things. I say "amongst other things" cos it is also a superb guide to yet unexisting musical trends that are soooo far out, way down underground and difficult to penetrate and perceive that IT HURTS, it is a Who's Who of the international gutter gentry, a pictorial ode to glorious disgusto behavior, a marvelously complex forum of political misconceptions that . . . What? What the hell are you whispering in my ear? Oh. Okay. Promised. Xcuse the interruption folks, someone was poking me in the ribs to attract my attention (very hard to do when I go into high gear raving) and suggest (nobody ORDERS me), that I don't . . . INSULT this readership, like, hey, this is STUFF, pal, you don't aggress that crowd, none of that grabbing your public by the ears and banging its head against the brick wall until it hiccups for mercy while thick blood gushes thru the freshly made gap between the front incisives, NONE OF THAT HERE, UNDERSTOOD? HEY, I am not insulting anyone. I like you guys. Truly. I dig you all, you're cool. I mean you're into "alternative" media, right? you must be okay, stuff, slash, boulevard, bob & bob, video, new wave, safety pins, we're all in the same happy counterculture family, everybody's hip, I wouldn't get on your case, I wouldn't waste my aggro supplies on brothers and sisters. Sheeet man, after all we gotta stick together, it's like vital time to drop the inner feuds and petty family squabbles innit?

"By the time we got to Woodstock we were half a million strong . . ." HEY, I RELATE TO STUFF READERS. We need all sorts, after all. And god in his wisdom . . . . created spandex. That's no insult, is it? Little joking here and there, bit of teasing, breaks the ice, makes the party livelier and the chances to score much higher, right? Good. Where was I? Oh yea, slash is . . . bla bla bla. Which brings us to my presence here amongst you lot. (hope my fly is not undone and that I don't spill no booze on the rug). See, all this slash this slash that business should actually have read "was" instead of "is" cos the darn thing is about to keel over, extend its little legs toward the evening sky and, with no more than a feeble sigh, expire before your moistened eyes. Yep, just like a roach that got its righteous dose of Raid up its little roach nostrils. You know, once I wacked a roach on the backbone real good, a real Bruce Lee I was that time must have just snapped all that dorsal bone structure in one blow cos that roach just froze and (listen to this carefully now) got up on its itty bitty hind legs, slowly twisted around til them hind legs were all crossed and, WITH A VERY DISTINCT PLAINTIVE CRY OF AGONY tumbled backwards, dead and beyond all earthly cockroach worries. I swear I'm not shitting you. Just like Lee Van Cleef in The Good The Bad And The Ugly that little fucker expired, real showbiz but really, REALLY CLASSY. Hey, ASSHOLE, stop poking me again and interrupting the sacred flow. Your precious Stuff crowd ain't shocked or bothered by harmless cockroach mentions, come on man let's be realistic around here, cucarachas are part of california life and accepted as such, everybody knows them, they're part of the picture, they come with the paradise kit for the alternative life style, like the back of the box reads: . . . contents: 1 (one) studio space downtown L.A., 1 (one) lifetime subscription to High Performance magazine, 1 (one) set of nifty fifties "atomic" living room furniture including amorphous pink ashtrays, 1 (one) obscure Man Ray print, probably a fake but that's cool too, 1 (one) roomful of welding and power tools to prove you're the "manly" type of artist, 1 (one) million cockroaches to give authenticity to the renovated skid row space and anyway you couldn't wipe the bastards out if you tried . . . . . I tell you in this day and age no one blinks an eye when you say the word, EVERYBODY has had close encounters with the insects, EVERYBODY has found one in his or her coffee, and some have even found one lodged in one of their molar cavities after their coffee pause, like it's no big deal, pass the Listerine and chop another line of that stuff you got in the vial. Man, we've lived, so cut out the damsel crap and lemme get on with my "piece." Man, Jeeezus! Anyway back to the mainline like Burroughs used to say. And no mar interruptions from the wimp contingent or I quit. I was promised *no* censorship. Which reminds me of something that I am still fuming about and that I'd like to share with you enlightened bunch: like you know, there's this big busted issue of old slasheroo the rag I was just raving about that *is* coming out right now, one hell of a fat load of steaming info on all kinds of phenomena of the disturbed kind, some musical some not, it's typically titled "world update" cos modesty's never been our trademark plus if we gonna stop printing the mother on the old monthly basis (yep the death I referred to ain't actually a death more a change of format like just because it won't invade the newsracks month after month don't mean something ain't cooking, slash is dead long live slash) we might as well make this exit a grand old affair, complete with crystal chandeliers and waiters of the black persuasion, so as I said we take this enormous pile of plates to the printer right, over one hundred fuckin pages, the printing and trimming and stapling of which the jerk is going to charge us thousands and thousands of green ones for and THEN HE AND HIS INK-STAINED GOONS AND MINIONS HAVE THE FUCKIN GALL TO BLOODY CENSOR SOME SHIT THEY DISAPPROVE OF IN OUR ART WORK, like there's a photo collage especially done for us by an english bunch or deranged musicians called the Pop Group (check them out sez sweetie they are BAAAD!) which shows Reagan (your next master suckers) as a naked stud with a big holster and gun on his hip and that printing scum who's supposed to fuckin work for us has the audacity to draw swimming trunks on the offending section of the pres's bod. Then they flip a few more pages and keep up the vandalizing rampage they're into and ALSO ADD SWIMMING TRUNKS TO OLD JIMBO who happens to be in the nude in a couple of frames. Don't know if you're familiar with our beloved pinhead symbol Jimbo the punked out bimbo but lemme tell you naked or not Jimbo has as much pull on the old prurient interest as our Blessed Virgin Mary. Much less in fact, as I know a few kinky creatures in my circles that do actually get off on visions involving . . . . but never mind THAT, I'm not here to titillate, I'm here to . . But before we get to that I'd like to say something to that meat head dumb prick of a printer if he happens to read this (doubtful of course as the jerks have very very limited reading capacities beyond the basic bank account number deciphering which they're very efficient at) and that is: DIE YOU OLD BITCH YOU PATHETIC CLOSET CASE I HOPE THAT WHILE YOU'RE BUSY COVERING THE PRIVATES OF BLOODY CARTOON CHARACTERS YOUR OLD LADY IS MAKING IT WITH THE TEN-SPEED BLENDER WAY UP HER SADLY NEGLECTED PRIVATES . . You may be making all your filthy bread from printing Scientology or other church affiliated garbage and mind poisoning filth but you are also being replaced by a kitchen utensil and that's karma for you. Now back to my presence in front of this august assembly. Well, having heard of this new twist of events with slash and my eventual departure from these shores old magnate HERR SAMIOFF who is Stuff's number One and who a long time ago vaguely had something to do with slash like founder or whatever calls me up and says: "Hey Kickboy (that's my name kind of cute uh? also known as Kickboy Face, can even be real formal and go the whole formal enchilada and address me as Kickboy Face The Music but you don't have to) so he says "Hey Kickboy, 'bout writing some jive for my nexxt ish (that's how us publishing wiz kids refer to an issue, saves time and you know the value of THAT. .) so I say "Hey fuckface (always call him that) why indeed not? What's the deadline sugar?" He sort of clears his throat and says "tomorrow eleven in the morning" and I choke. "Hey man come on that's a bit short ain't it?" but he says "come on, it's real easy. Has to do with bicentennial and pranks" which triggers zilch response from me cos I don't know what the fuck he's talking about. So he explains about this city's two hundred years of growing cancer over a once very decent little desert spot and that some people are actually into celebrating this catastrophe of evolution gone beserk and then goes on to enlighten me as to pranks. Like what you do to your own body he says, things like that, by the way how're your arms?" at which point I get a bit huffy cos I don't take that kind of shit from anyone even if they got a point. Well I say neither subject being exactly close to my ticker I'll pass. Then he starts whining and quotes something out about this assignment being ideal for my saying good bye to the gentle Stuff folks, but like I tell him listen bud your elegant crowd don't know me from shit and couldn't give a wank about my departing this armpit, why say good bye when I never even said hello? And what kind of a goodbye would fill the 4 or 5 bloody pages you probably want the whole thing to last? The only one I have in mind would take at most two inches in your rag, maybe 3 if we splurged and did it in bold face. What's that he says. And so I tell him about when moons ago I used to be a waiter in some dive on the Santa Monica pier (half waiter, half dishwasher, that kind of place) and everyone used to eat like pigs, face smeared with tartar sauce and all and then leave without one second thought as to the age old custom of tipping the poor fucker that helped you feed your face and I'd wast til they were almost out of the joint and with an obsequious smile on my mug shout out "goodbye folks, and fuck you very much" very fast so that they were never REALLY sure they heard what they heard, just gave me a funny lingering look before stepping out of the door. Well, old Sam agreed this wasn't much of a goodbye, not enough to fill that space he was saving for me anyway, and we left it at that. By the way he said before hanging up, you still owe me thirty bucks from that time you were real desperate. Remember? You see, I would have called it even if you had written the piece. That's what I pay Meltzer, that's the rate daddy o, but you don't write for money anyway . . . . . " That ALMOST got me, but not quite. Anyway, what kind of topic is that, BICENTENNIAL AND PRANKS? Like, if L.A.'s continuous existence is a prank, who's fuckin laughing? Could our maker be as malicious as that???? And that's how Kickboy the scum scribe passed up a unique chance to say a final departing tidbit to the californian intelligentzia, while at the same time clearing up some of his past debts.

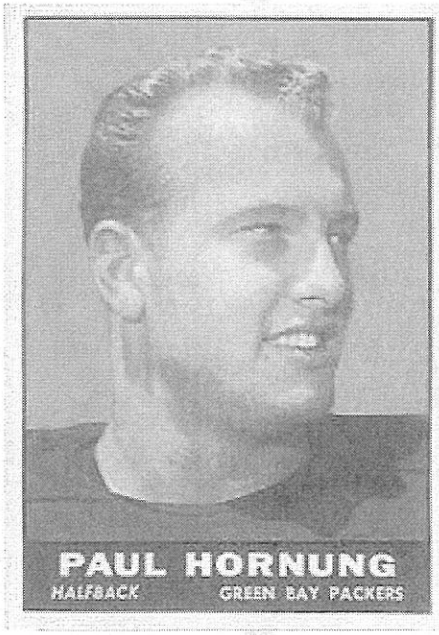
Mr. Bessy is leaving L.A. for good, sometime this month. This is probably the last bit of "writing" you or anyone will be seeing under his byline. One note of caution: DO NOT LOAN THIS MAN MONEY!

IVAR'S FINDINGS, FINALLY! –a list of personalities who have figured into Claude's Spanish exhumation: Pete Shelley, who died before a proper interview could take place in 2018/19... Graham Lewis of Wire (and Wir) joined Claude in pubs, was a noisy collaborator (see the English-slang-dictionary track "Naked, Whooping and Such-Like") and featured more prominently as he was alive at the time and still is. Mark Cunningham of the No Wave band Mars was also living in Spain during Claude's time there, and Bessy lent his spoken word talent to Cunningham's group RAEO. Genesis P-Orridge was actually a pal of Philomena's brother in school, Peter 'Pinglewad' Winstanley. Philomena met The Beatles.

Philomena herself takes us through much of the story. We hear of the tedium of her own gigs in animation (spending days tracing around Bob Hoskins for Who Framed Roger Rabbit!) and Claude's despondency after working with Factory and Rough Trade. I wish there was more on the Rough Trade days (he was basically fired for not liking or working with The Raincoats) but at least his time at Factory gave us a couple fun promo videos. Most esoteric stuff you can still find, even the Virgin Prunes VHS tape "Sons Find Devils," if you are so inclined.

I recommend purchase of **Underground Babilonia** on the strength of Philly's snapshots, as is. If you have any questions about the translation, I will do my best to supply answers. It's not likely we will see an updated edition coming out stateside soon, but it could still happen.

TO ABSORB: **England's Dreaming** and **Violence Girl: From East LA Rage to Hollywood Stage,** plus anything by Allen MacDonell. The former action items are listed in my copy of **Babilonia's** still untranslated appendix. I *did* finally read **We Got The Neutron Bomb: The Untold Story of L.A. Punk** but found nothing new to me except s'more dirt on Black Randy than I ever needed!



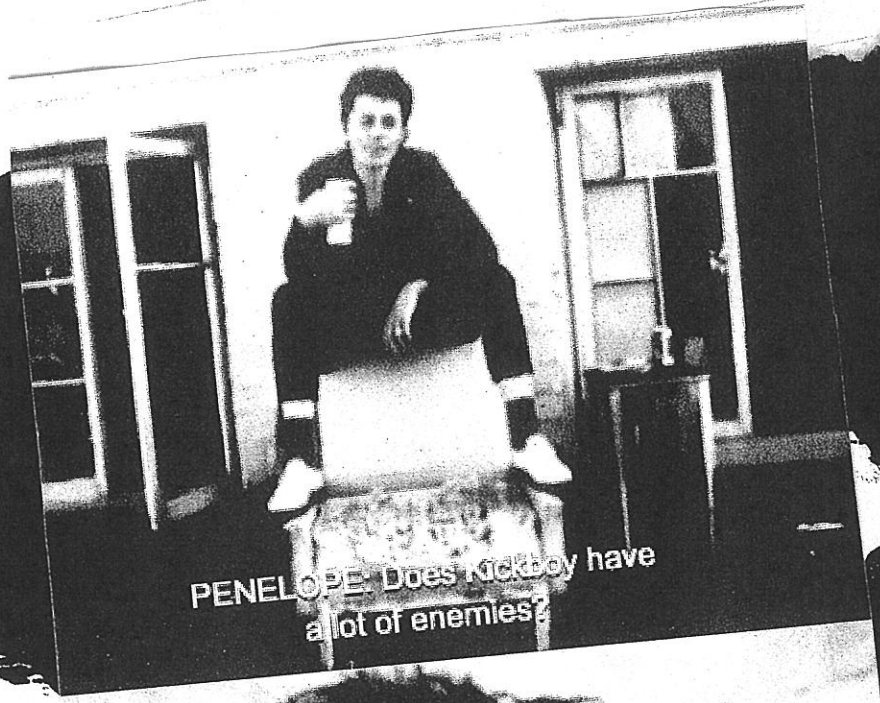
Oh, and just one more Meltzer thing for the updated edition – he likened Claude most to Paul Hornung, the "Golden Boy" of the Green Bay Packers. And why not??

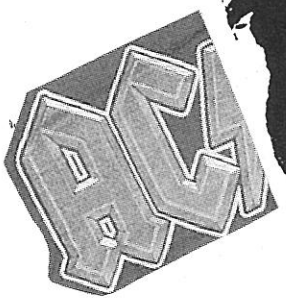
Claude Bessy makes up a bisection of Richard Meltzer's "A Whore Just Like The Rest" dedications- Greg Burk being the other lucky one -and he's alive! Consider not smoking, or *being on fire!!!!!!!!!!!!*

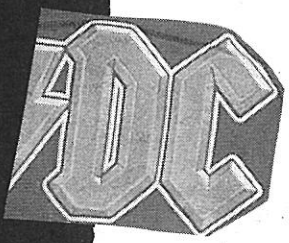
CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE—"Underground Babylon"

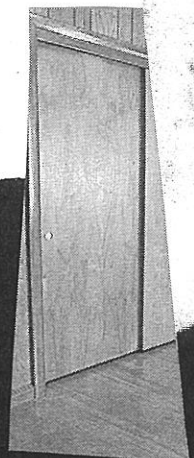
And I guess I'll never find out
Which one of you wrote
With the greasy lipstick
Babylon must fall
Babylon must fall
Babylon must fall
On the bathroom mirror

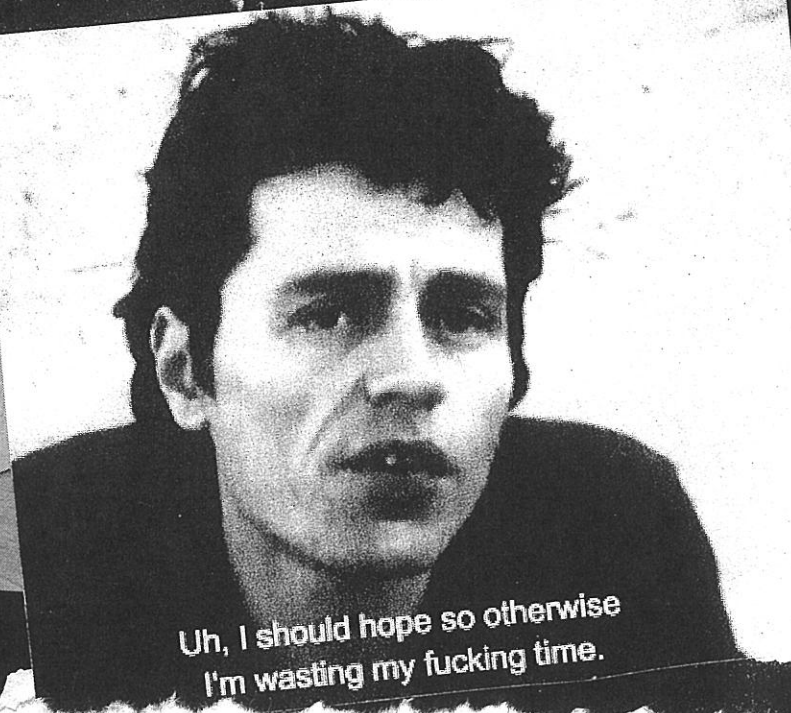
Faux Wood Paneling #6A











HEAVY MÖTHER II

HEAVY MOTHER

END OF JUNE '24, STATE STREET PUB

Eleven tracks in the can! New album on the way from TOTAL PUNK! The usual Heavy Mother crew brought in Craig Bell (you know him) and Joe Chamandy (of **Retail Simps** and **Itchy Self**) for what amounts to the usual bomp plus **Ubu** and beat touches.

I've only heard of being couch-locked recently, but I've certainly been there on many occushions, er, occasions... Lying on that sofa-of-life... *YAaaWwn* ...kinda had me thinking of this track by **The Trashmen** called "Church Key" for some reason. Couches and beer go together you know! Snoozing can be HEAVY, too.

Covers of **The Troggs** are always encouraged, so why not go for "Night Of The Long Grass," eh? **Randy Newman** too, with "Let's Burn Down The Cornfield"- wow!

Heavy Möther II generated plenty of power onstage, but peaking needles had already occurred courtesy of a set by **Lucy Fur** who brought tons of menace plus a great **Kleenex/LiLiPUT** cover. **Pilots** were the middle group, a duo of aviators (in aviators?) that supplied slick human-quantized keys and drums and vocals. Fun fun fun...

State Street Pub in Indianapolis is a swell place with excellent potatoes, beer, bands, a patio, peoples- what more can you want in a night out?

Oh- look for the group **Data Unknown** if you are in Europe this Winter — Scooter the barman is COMIN'!

Liberty sez: "Eddie Flowers LUVS me!"

And it goes without saying that HEAVY MOTHER LUVS YOU!

Heff has his own writeup of the day, though this may not be the final version seen in the TOTAL PUNK release- privy!

HEFF <3s JIMBOS
^
(loved?)

"A WHÖLE LÖTTA HEAVY GÖIN' ÖN!"

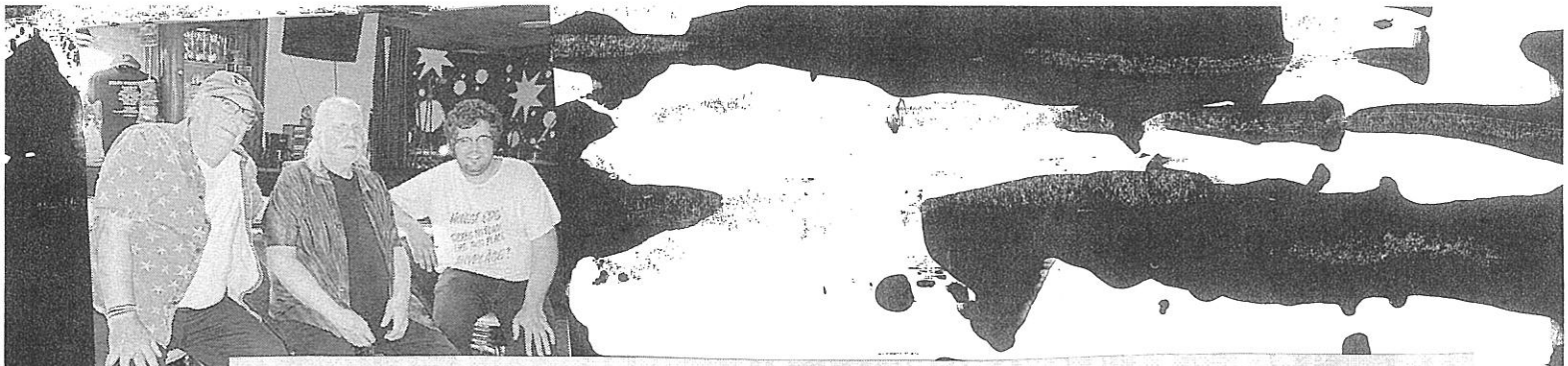
DAY ONE, FRIDAY, JUNE 28:

It was about noon and that left only a couple more hours before I set off for the weekend of Heavy Mother II recording with Joe Chamandy from the Canadian garage-rock, retro-DIY, ever wonderful, catchy and hook slinging Retail Simps. I had been prepping all morning with jams by O. Rex, Bruce Cole, Mike Rep & The Quotas, Saucers, and those good old 21st Century Gizmos. Yes, I would be heading out soon to scoop up Crawlin' Ed Flowers in Bloomington. We would then be taking Interstate 69 into the heart of Indy, north bound to the tucked away estate of Mr. Darwyn Layne himself (i.e. Craig Bell). I had my bags packed, UTZ potato chips, a case of PBR, S. Pellegrino Sparkling Mineral Water, and my trusty Chromebook to detail all the occurings on this last weekend (it was a hot one, whew) in the month of June. The clock was ticking down for departure time.

Six-thirty and Ed and I had made our arrival at the Bell residence. A couple hours drive behind me/us was spent listening to '60's obscure psych albums, while chit-chatting too about this and that. We took the scenic route through the city, coming up into downtown and driving the mainline (Meridian Street) past the low-income highrises, then all the fancy old houses on the north side. I should mention the craziness of downtown Indy due to the Savannah Bananas being at Victory Field (home of the Indians), traffic barely moving, pedestrians crossing in masses... entertainment for some, but not all!

Soon we were relaxing and drinking PBR and talking about everything from baseball to classic movies. Craig fired up the grill to make some burgers, while Joe Chamandy rolled up in his rental Toyota. It was not long before the conversation was sizzling (as were the burgers), mostly about records (which I was more than okay with). CASABLANCA was providing the backdrop on the tube, Hoagie being the rough drinking barkeep avoiding taking political sides. Which made me think, no mention was made of the previous night's first presidential debate between Trump and Biden. Good riddance.

Dinner was delicious. Craig cooked up a tasty medium-rare (yum!) burger on the charcoal grill (been years since I had one cooked that way), along with some corn on the cob (yes!), and a refreshing salad mix. Sitting in the living room after and Joe brought up the Icky Boyfriends from San Francisco. Pretty soon we were watching their self-made documentary called I'M NOT FASCINATING, while making comparisons to the Electric Eels. Conversation was all over the place, ranging from Thee Oh Sees (Joe's band played with them) to Jiminy Glick (I had only in the past week seen him on cable TV for the first time) to The Kinks (Craig likes the operas). Shortly after, Craig brought me a copy of X_X ALBERT AYLER'S GHOSTS LIVE AT THE YELLOW GHETTO on vinyl which I had been looking for online a few days prior to. It was still sealed with liner notes on the back



cover by Byron Coley. I was looking forward to playing this through once I had returned back home in a couple of days.

Eventually we migrated to the porch where the range of conversation was endless. But the thing which stuck with me the most at the time was Eddie talking about his early trips on speed-laced LSD. He made the comment that back then he was into "bad vibes", and would watch extreme horror movies, tripped out, while also digging music by the Scientists and the Stooges. Yeah, dig! Ed said once he finally started getting real blotter from a local hippie dude, the monsters went away and he was able to get into the Dead and Can (he had always liked them). Far out story that I had not heard previously.

From the porch, the four of us moved down into the basement (Crawlspace?) so that Craig, Eddie, and Joe could work out some song structures. The first was "Couchlock!", a song about getting so stoned that whoever can't get off the couch, with Eddie doing a coughing, Ozzy impression similar to the one heard in "Sweet Leaf".

While the three of them were playing and rehearsing, my rambling thoughts took hold and I got to go on a bit of a connection to who-is-who here cause it is quite fascinating. My mind went to each one of the three. I thought about Eddie's past endeavors with the Gizmos and Crawlspace, as well as being a rock writer; and Craig's rich history coming from Mirrors to Rocket From The Tombs to Saucers to his other endless projects; and lastly Joe doing his thing with Protruders and Retail Simps, not to mention his label and fanzine too. This then got me thinking all the while that it is a small world when you start getting down into the bare bones of the underground music culture (speaking of being underground, I was typing this out matter of factly in a basement).

Practice soon came to an end around midnight and everyone moved to the front porch once again. I can't recall exactly everything that was relayed at this point (the PBR's were getting the best of me), but I know that what I enjoyed most was the wind blowing through the trees along Craig's quiet city street. It occurred to me that less than a mile away the excitement of the city was still at full throttle well after the start of a new day. But I sat there amongst friends who were living discreet lives while those who surrounded us in the neighborhood, "normal" citizens, slept away the hours until Saturday morning when they could wake to read their papers, eat breakfast, and do the weekend yard work. This was not us. Our plans were different. Chode and Clarke (the Heavy Mother rhythm section) would be coming up from Bloomington to practice/rehearse the next afternoon, along with Kellen (Heavy Mother guitar slinger), all before the recording session was set to take place later in the day.

It got even later and soon Craig and Ed retired for the night. Joe and I sat on the front porch until five-thirty in the morning. We talked a lot about music, but also life connections to music, and it felt therapeutic and good and whatnot. Joe is a great guy who knows A TON about music (he's thirty-three), but is in no way pretentious, and whereas I get carried away talking about my own self much of the time, he displays a genuine interest in what other people have to say. A true listener, which is a rare quality amongst humans these days. It was

fun and when it was time to crash, despite the late hour, I was still unable to sleep. I put MAN WITH A CAMERA (Charles Bronson) on the tube and before I was aware, drifted off into darkness.

DAY TWO, SATURDAY, JUNE 29:

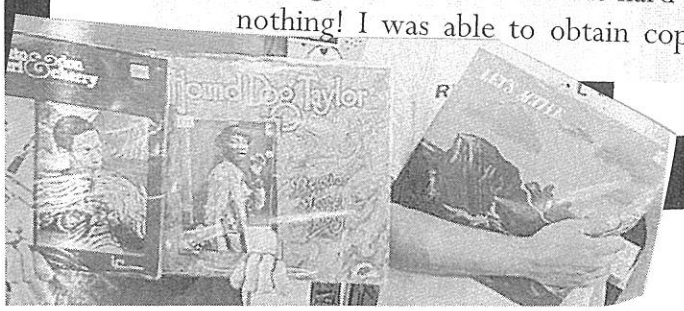
I woke to thunder crashing outside the windows, rumbling walls, and rose to see lighting flashing too. I heard Eddie talking to Craig in the kitchen, while Joe still slept soundly on the couch. It was probably around nine a.m. or so. Craig made some coffee, which I do not normally consume, but felt a need due to lack of sleep and a pulsating hangover. Craig, Ed, and I sat on the porch for what seemed like a bit while the rain came down around us, it was pleasant and I sometimes get a feeling of unpleasantness after being away from home for more than a day, but the Bell residence has a feeling of comfort, tucked away from the hustle and flow of the city, where it is quite and time seems to move slow while people walk their dogs along the sidewalks.

Once Joe was up we decided to get some grub. It seems to be a regular occurrence staying at Craig's that we go to Lincoln Square Pancake House the following morning. And this we did. Joe and I wanted to go to some record stores afterward, so we drove separately from Craig and Eddie.

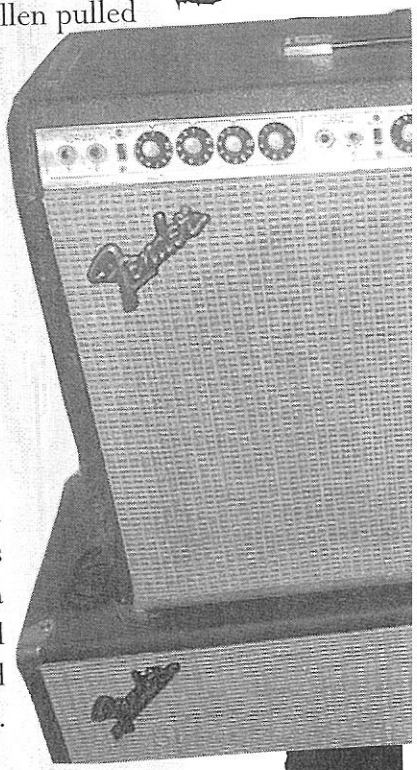
Lincoln Square Pancake House was crowded but we were seated promptly and the food was delivered quickly. Eddie ordered a salad of some sorts, and Joe a traditional breakfast (bacon, eggs, and hashbrowns). Craig and I both got the corned beef hash breakfast platter. It was tasty, but I remember Craig commenting when Joe asked that the corned beef was more than likely from a can, hah! After breakfast, Ed decided he wanted to come with Joe and I to the record stores, so off we went to Broad Ripple.

The first store we stopped at was Indy CD and Vinyl. I find this one to be a bit overwhelming for me, personally. There are a ton of records, and most of the good or known releases are high priced. Joe seemed to start at the "A" section and continued to work his way through alphabetically. I browsed the "new-used" section, then a couple things in the jazz, but I soon was overwhelmed and casually stood talking to Eddie. He pointed out a few records, which were what I ended up getting. Those being the first two Wet Willie LPs, a Gato Barbieri and Don Cherry collaboration album, Hound Dog Taylor And The House Rockers BEWARE OF THE DOG!, and Paul Revere And The Raiders HARD 'N' HEAVY (WITH MARSHMALLOW). Afterward, we drove to Luna Music to do some more browsing, but while Joe stood outside smoking and talking to Eddie, I went in for only a few minutes and lost the motivation to do any digging. I guess I was never quite in the mood to begin with. I came out and told them we should go and so we did, back to Craig's house.

After returning, it was time to wait for the rest of the Heavy Mother crew. Craig had told us that he was looking to get rid of some records that had belonged to another individual who I believe had passed away. Eddie, Joe, and I started to sort through them. We found it hard to believe that these were being given away for nothing! I was able to obtain copies of Lou Reed TRANSFORMER, The Velvet

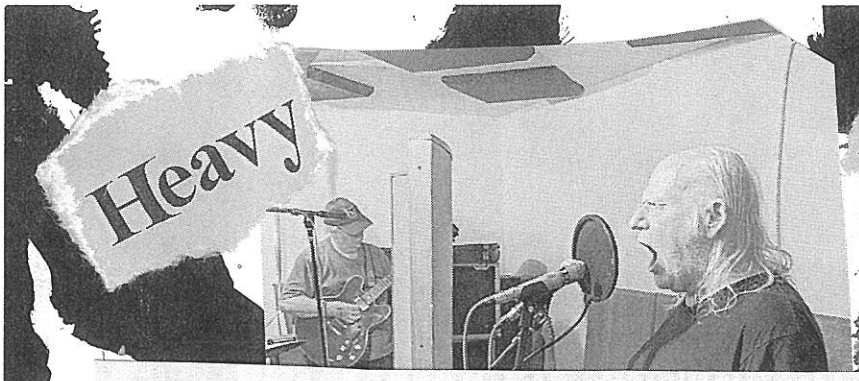


Underground LOADED, and The Turtle's MORE GOLDEN GREATS. All of which I needed for my collection. Ed also handed me a copy of The Chinese Restaurants INSTANT MUSIC, stating that he owned it himself. It was then decided that we would need more beer for the practice and recording sessions ahead. There was a liquor store nearby, so Joe and I walked over to it. I bought some more PBR, as well as a refreshing, chilled lemonade. The walk back was a struggle carrying the thirty pack, and the humidity had risen after the morning storm had passed. Though only a couple of blocks away, I was pouring sweat, and had to stop a few times to rest. Along the way, some individuals coming out of a nearby house asked Joe and I if we were heading to a party. Joe replied that we were not. After making it back to Craig's house, we sat outside on the side porch while Joe smoked a cigarette. Kellen pulled up, and not long after so did Chode and Clarke. Everyone had arrived!

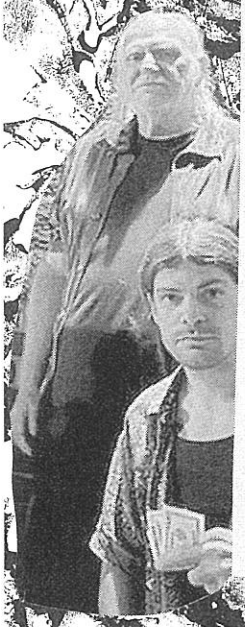


After getting settled in, Heavy Mother II went down to the basement (hey-daddy-o, I don't wanna go). I stayed upstairs to use the time catching up on my writing. I could still hear everything clearly from my place on the couch. Pretty soon it started to get dark outside. I checked the weather forecast, as it was only about four in the afternoon. Sure enough, a storm was approaching. It ended up being a massive one, with a heavy downpour of rain. Craig and I stepped out on the front porch for a moment, to see the storm drains were backed up. The lightning was bright and the thunder was loud. The storm did not seem to last long, and before long the sun was shining. When it came time to start loading the gear to be taken to the recording session, the humidity had already gotten back to where it was earlier on in the day. I helped Craig with all of his equipment from the basement and was sweating again. Crazy Indiana weather. It was decided that Eddie would ride with Craig (he only had room for one person) and Joe and I would ride with Kellen. Chode and Clark were driving themselves and decided to go get food beforehand. We all departed the Bell residence and headed to the east side of Indy.

The recording session took place at the home of Trevor Wathen of the band We Are Hex, where his roommate, local head Brandon Stacey (Current Product/Data Unknown/Skull Cult) was in the producer's seat. I had met Brandon before and he is a chill dude. Jordan Allen (Crazy Doberman/Mere Man) was already there once we arrived. Everyone stood outside talking and drinking PBR. I had brought my cooler with me, but no ice, so I went with Chode and Clarke to a nearby gas station and bought a monstrous bag full. We returned and Brandon said that it was going to take a couple of hours to get everything set up for recording. We thought it would be a good idea to go get some food in the meantime, so Eddie, Jordan, and I hopped into Craig's Subaru and drove to a nearby Mexican restaurant. Jordan looked funny scrunched in the backseat of the Subaru (he is about 6'7"). The restaurant was



called El Escollera and served authentic Mexican food. I was a little unsure of what to order, so simply went with a couple steak tacos. They were tasty, but I remember thinking how Craig's enchiladas and Jordan's burrito looked far better. Oh well, perhaps another time. After dinner, we stopped at a liquor store where Jordan purchased a thirty pack of Hamm's for the crew back at the house. After we returned to Brandon's, we found out that Chode, Clarke, Joe, and Kellen had recorded an instrumental track while we were having dinner. One down! The first song that the full band started to work on was "Couchlock!". It didn't seem like very long before they had it down into a groove and the song was recorded within four or five takes. The recording part of the studio is in a garage with no air circulation, therefore the band took breaks between recording for each song. It did not help matters that it was still quite humid outside, as well, even with the sun having set. The inside of the house was near frigid though, and I went with Jordan upstairs where Brandon sat behind the controls and monitor. It was a far more relaxing environment. The band started working on another original called "Omnivore". Crag came up and sat with us on this one since he was not providing any parts. He mentioned how the song sounded similar to Mirrors or Saucers. I could hear it in the guitar rhythm, a kind of weird, angular, jagged tone. Eddie initially was having trouble recalling how he had rehearsed vocals on top of the music. Since I had recorded the rough version on my phone at Craig's house the night prior, he called me downstairs to play it for him. That was all it took, as I recall, and the final recording was completed afterward. Another break and some pizza showed up. Who ordered it and where it was from I do not know. But I do know that it was delicious! Brandon was putting red pepper flakes (which I always do on my own) and garlic powder on each slice. I had never tried garlic powder before. I did so and I must say that I am forever converted. I will now spread not only red pepper flakes, but garlic powder across pizzas. Thanks dude! It was around this time that Scott Guinn, or "Scooter", showed up. He is a local head who bartends at State Street Pub, has great taste in music and fronts the fantastic Data Unknown band. This was probably the third or fourth time I have been around him and he is also a genuinely nice dude, as well. Jordan soon left to go home and therefore it was Brandon, Scooter, and I sitting upstairs as the band began to work out The Troggs song "Night Of The Long Grass". They had mostly gotten it down at rehearsal, so it didn't take long before the recording started. But Craig's theremin level was too high, so Brandon had to reset some things to make it right. The guys got a good recording, we all thought, but it seemed like they wanted to record it again. At this point, it was too late, and not to mention they had all been in the garage for nearly five hours. Clarke needed to get back to his dog and since Chode and he were coming back the next day, they were ready to leave. Brandon's lady friend, Rachael, had shown up at some point. Everyone sat around talking about this and that. I was feeling the effects of an evening of Hamm's



and PBR. Before I knew it, Craig was ready to roll, as was Eddie, and so Joe and I hopped in the back of the Subaru and headed out for the night.

Once we arrived back at Craig's house, it was pretty much the same thing as the previous night. The four of us were on the front porch, until Craig eventually headed inside to go to bed. However, it was me this time that tapped out next. Eddie and Joe were chatting back and forth, as I felt the effects of the day and night prior catching up with me quickly. The only thing I remember being discussed at that point was the life and many musical projects of Kenne Highland (the original Gizmo!). I got up and went inside the house where I grabbed one of my bags of Utz potato chips and reclined on the couch. I remember there was a decent black and white movie on TCM that I was enjoying but had no awareness of the plot. The next thing I knew I was being woken by Eddie and Joe coming inside for the night. I got up, went to lay on my mattress pillows, and may have very well been asleep before my head hit the surface.

DAY THREE, SUNDAY, JUNE 30:

I awoke yet again to the voices of Craig and Eddie. On that morning, they were sitting in the living room talking. Joe had moved from the couch (Craig's seat) to a set of mattress pillows like my own. I rose to get some coffee (second day in a row). Joe woke up shortly afterward. Eddie had received a message from the Chode, Heavy Mother bass maestro, asking if instead of coming up to Indy to record at noon, Clarke and him could wait until four to do so. This somewhat created a conflict of plan, as the Heavy Mother II lineup were also playing a show later that night at State Street Pub. Eddie recommended that they come at two instead of four, and I do not recall what the final decision was there. But I know that Craig, Eddie, and Joe decided to get with the Indy guys (Kellen, Jordan, and Craig) and do some recording prior too. But of course, we all were starving and went to get food first and foremost. I packed up all of my things as I had to be heading home to my daughter and would unfortunately miss the show later that night. I followed the other guys in my own vehicle to a different local breakfast place called the Keystone Diner where I had the most delicious, homemade (yes!) corned beef hash I have eaten in my entire life. I washed it all down with a sugary classic Coke and would soon be feeling the after effect. Eddie got an omelet that was the size of the plate it was served on, and stacked too! When we went to pay, Craig had forgotten his wallet, so he asked me to cover his bill. I made a deal that we would call it even for the X_X LP and he agreed. From there, Craig drove back home, only a short distance, to get his wallet, and I drove Eddie back to Brandon's to meet the rest of the Heavy Mother II crew. Joe followed behind us in his rental. I had forgotten a gift from Jordan back at Brandon's house the night before, so I had to go that way anyway. Plus, I wanted to stop into Irvington Vinyl before heading out of the city and south towards home. When we arrived at Brandon's, Jordan was already there with his daughters. Craig showed up shortly afterwards. Everyone sat on the porch and it was still the time of day before it got to be far too muggy out to do so. I made a mental note that at one-fifteen precisely, I was heading out. Brandon and Jordan went upstairs to listen to recordings from the night prior. I bid farewell to Craig, Eddie, and Joe. I was

somewhat regretful I could not stay, but I knew that there was a long day of recording ahead, and into the night for the live show. The last two days had worn me out and I was ready to get home to my own daughter. I made a stop at Irvington Vinyl, but I was so full from breakfast that I had no desire to browse and left my small stack laying there midway through the used records. I set my map to "no highways" for the drive home (only to get out of the city and avoid the dreaded 465 loop), and I realized as I was leaving that I am finally somewhat understanding the layout of Indianapolis, a thought I was somewhat fond of. In no time at all it seemed, I was back in my sleepy, southern Indiana town (Washington), a weekend of true rock n' roll behind me.

AFTER THOUGHTS:

Since that weekend I was sent the sound recording of Heavy Mother II playing their show at State Street Pub that night. It sounded good and after being told that all the other Heavy Mother devotees (there are about five total) attended, I was a bit disappointed I had missed out on the show, not only due to not seeing the band, but also for not being able to hang out with my friends whom I only ever mostly get to encounter at the band's shows.

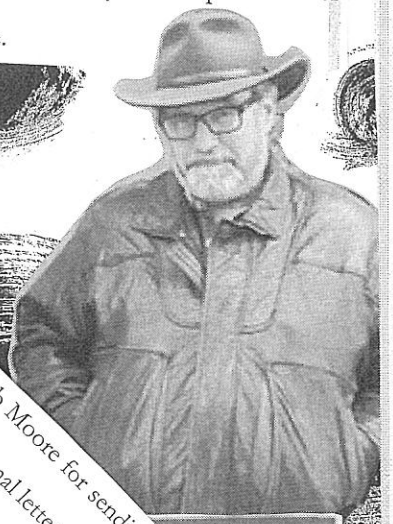
A few days after that though, was when Eddie sent out the recordings that were done by Brandon. These included the three (four if counting the jam done while we were eating dinner) that I was present for, as well as seven more. I must say that I was blown away when I listened. Man, those guys had really cranked it out, especially after I had left early on Sunday afternoon. With repeated listens, the songs just seemed to get better and better to me. I finally realized that this is the next logical step for this band as far as an album. The first Heavy Mother album, THIS TIME AROUND, was great in all of its glory, unique, and in my opinion one of the best modern straight ahead rock n' roll albums to be recorded. But how to follow up was the question, especially with two new guitarists in the last couple years. This album though, is the answer to that question. Whereas THIS TIME AROUND was very balanced and even in the songs (most of which were originals by the band), this album has a certain unevenness to it that to me shows the depth and understanding of a band like this. These guys aren't just skilled musicians playing a genre of music, no. *They live by and understand the depths of the art form itself.* Not to mention, bringing in great extras like Jordan Allen, Craig Bell, and Joe Chamandy to flesh out the sound, proves this band is not confined within any modern sense of a rock n' roll group. Again, another quality that makes them completely unique (and wholesome comes to mind too). I could go further on about the rest of the songs on the album, but I will not do so, cause it is going to speak for itself when released. I myself can hardly wait for that to occur and am looking forward to putting the needle down, cranking the volume, and hearing the magic that I experienced first hand come through my speakers. Yeah, HEAVY MOTHER II lives and breathes, so dig it.

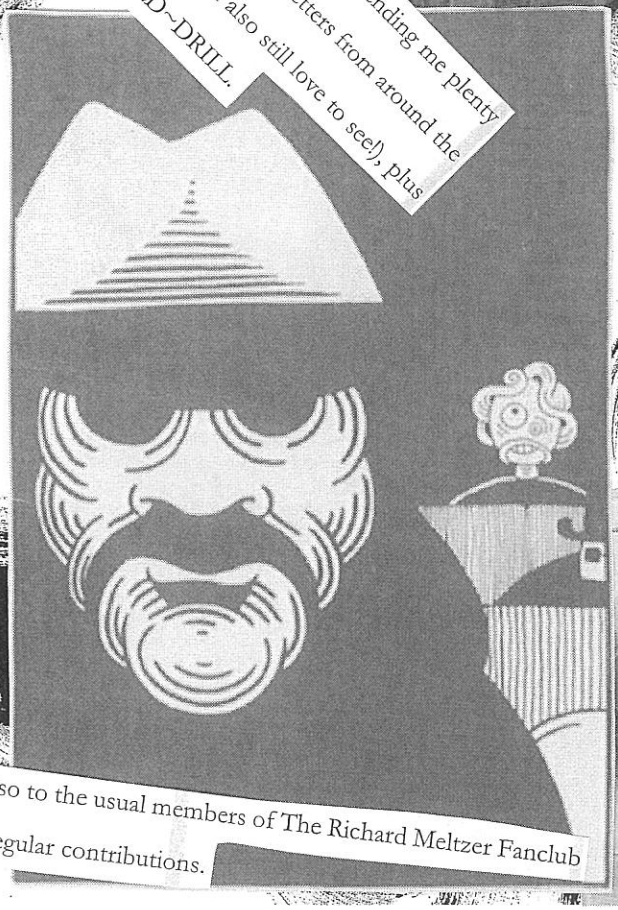
... WRITTEN BY HEFF
SUMMER, 2024

"THIS WILL APPEAR IN AN EDITED FORM AS AN INSERT FOR THE UPCOMING HEAVY MÖTHER II LP ON TOTAL PUNK RECORDS IN EARLY 2025." – E. FLOWERS

DO YOU KNOW THESE MEN?

The Richard Meltzer Bibliography is an ongoing project that can be found on archive.org and is fully searchable. However, there is still much to be unearthed. Please keep an eye out for a piece about **Reverend Robert Wilkins** (meant to run in "**Martin Scorsese Presents The Blues**" … no luck in the Peter Guralnick archive) which I heard was published in a San Francisco based periodical of some type. Also, be on the lookout for issue #2 of **BABYLON**, a zine from Reno, Nevada, which includes an interview with Richard conducted by 12 year old punk Walter Lewd. It was Kevin Second's zine.

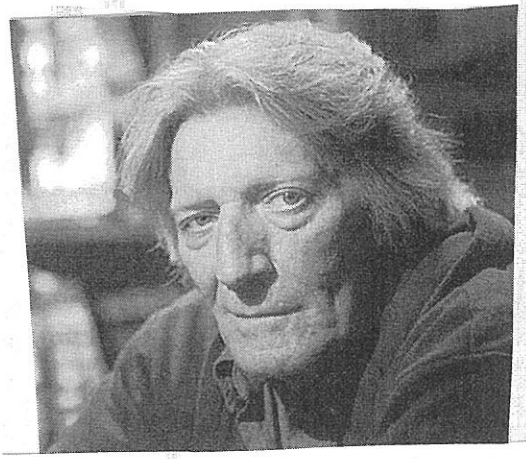




I'd like to thank the incredible Bob Moore for sending me plenty of Nick Tosches books and some personal letters from around the time of his zine **VERSION** (which I'd also still love to see!), plus his art and poetry collection, COLD~DRILL.

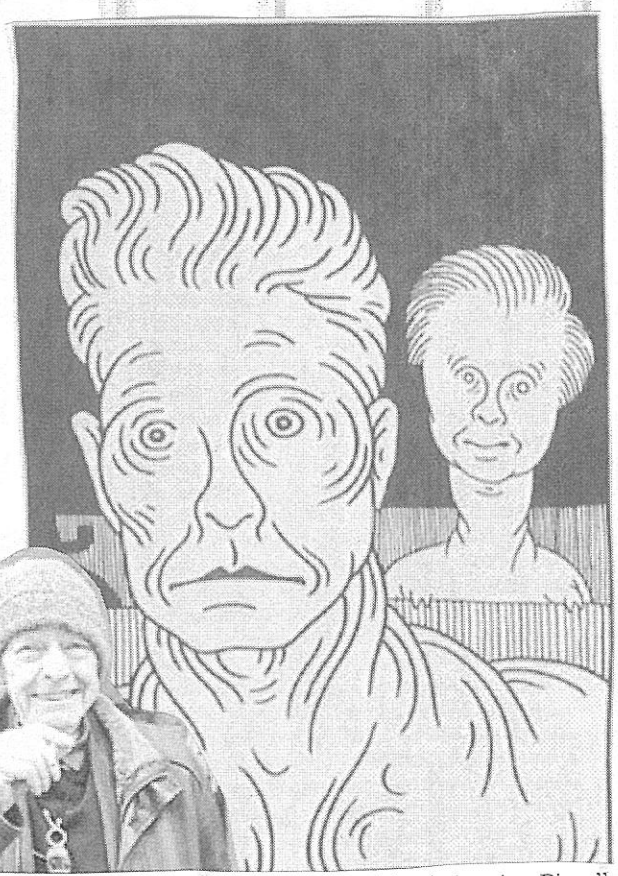
Thanks also to the usual members of The Richard Meltzer Fanclub for their regular contributions.

JORGE JUAN RODRIGUEZ

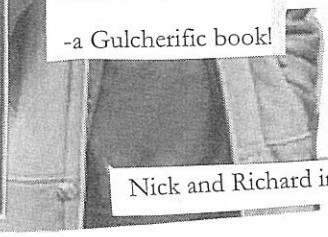


MARCH 4, 1948 – AUGUST 3, 2024

RIP to Juan Rodriguez. He had been in hospice for some time. It was good to share a moment with him earlier this year. An originator of rockwrite up North. Many of his articles can be found on **The Richard Meltzer Fanclub** page.



Illustrations from Chris Robinson's "The Animation Pimp" -a Gulcherific book!



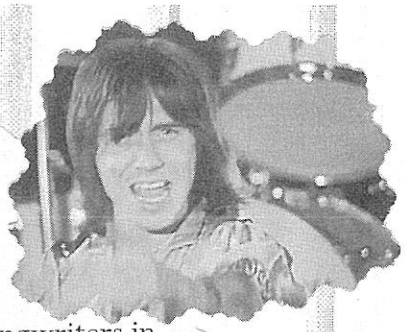
Nick and Richard in Oregon, 2014, via Andy Schwartz

BON SCOTT

PROPHET OF DAMNATION, PART 2

YOU!?! YOU WERE A BLOODY WARRIOR?
WELL, ACTUALLY I SPENT THE TWO YEARS IN CONFINEMENT. ASSAULT CHARGES, FUGGIN' TRUMPED UP, WASN'T IT?
4
THEY RELEASED ME EVENTUALLY, SAYIN' I WAS "SOCIALLY MALADJUSTED."
NOW I'M ABOUT TO BECOME THE IDOL O' MILLIONS.
WELL, THOUSANDS ANYWAY!
BON'S FIRST ESTIMATE WOULD ACTUALLY PROVE MORE PROPHETIC!

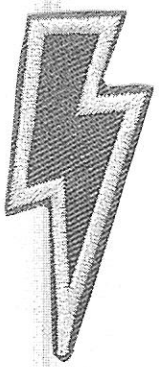
BY B.C. MILLER



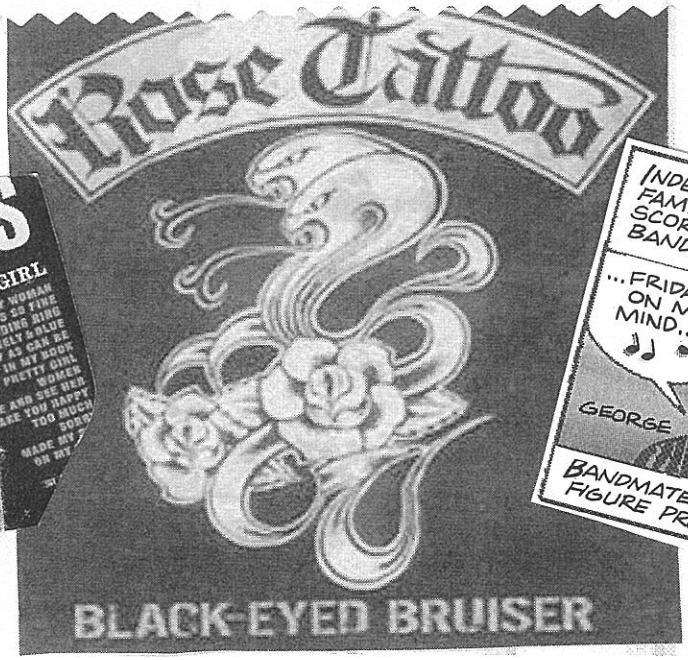
IV. (January 21)
JOHN PAUL YOUNG: A SCOTTISH MAN'S STORY DOWN UNDER

Henry Vanda + George Young might be the greatest team of rock'n'roll songwriters in history, and the coolest people who ever existed, and being Australian gives them so much cred it's unreal, because that place is the closest we have to an off-world prison colony. Hang out with me, Australians, I'll hook you up proper. Your fights are my fights, cuz I'm a castaway too. Vanda + Young might've got slagged by the system in another country but Australians knew this pair could make a mongoloid truckee a star with their songs.

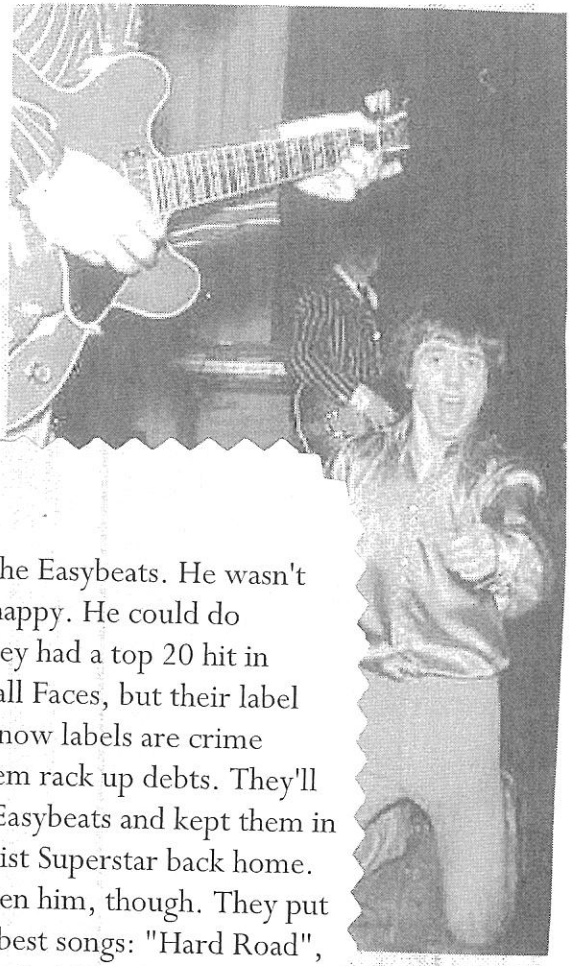
Listen to their first band, The Easybeats, and notice their guitars work magic together, and their songs are leagues above the usual beat band patter. English people have some gripe with Australia so instead of stars the Easybeats got in debt to their record company and Vanda + Young starting writing and producing over there. It took three years to get back to Australia and make their big move and their hard rocking vision took over the charts. (Usually 20-30 percent of the Aussie charts were their songs).



Even if you don't know Australian bands you know AC/DC. Angus and Malcolm Young are George's little brothers, and Angus was in a band called Marcus Hook Roll Band that sketched out where AC/DC would go. They'd written a song for Bon Scott in the '60s. They put Easybeats' singer Stevie Wright on the charts and produced Rose Tattoo and The Angels. They brought a Scottish singer from a band called Elm Tree they'd produced down under, because this guy really had something. John Paul Young they called him, and Vanda + Young put together a band called The All Stars of ex-La De Da's, Aztecs, and Daddy Cool players, and wrote a slew of songs. Platinum albums and sold out tours followed, and while not everything is my style, they did some awesome songs. "Yesterday's Hero" is one of the best glam numbers ever and back in Scotland The Bay City Rollers had a hit with it. John Paul Young's whisky voice is the true voice for this working class anthem and I'm happy to bring it to America.



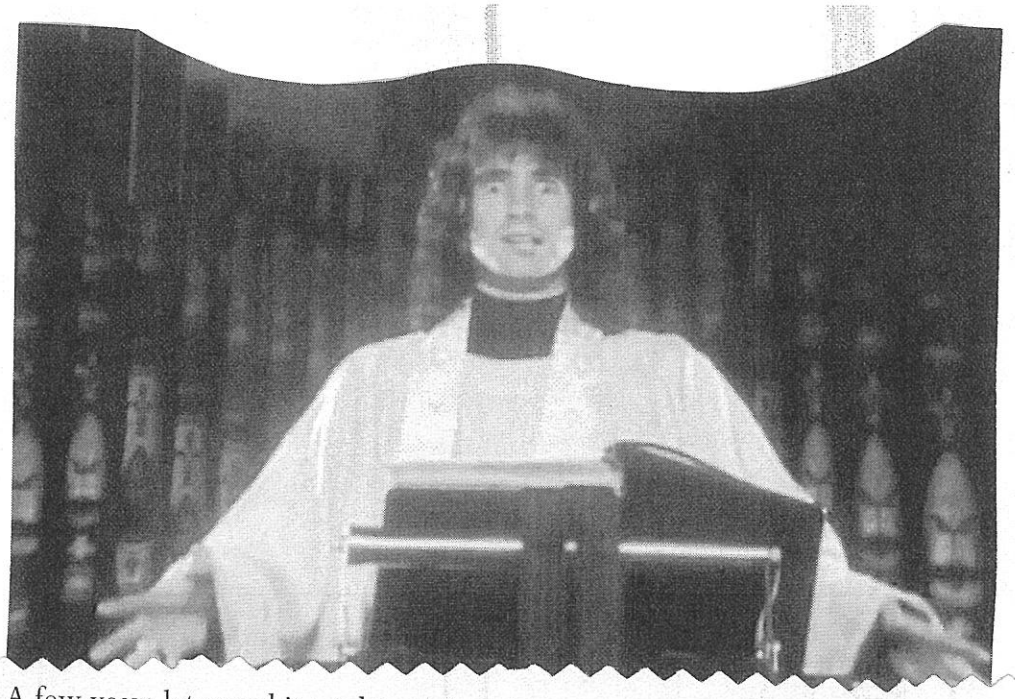
INDEED, GEORGE YOUNG BECOMES THE FAMILY'S FIRST CELEBRITY, AS HE SCORES A 1967 HIT WITH THE POP BAND "THE EASYBEATS."
...FRIDAY ON MY MIND...
GEORGE
HARRY
BANDMATE HARRY VANDA WILL ALSO FIGURE PROMINENTLY IN AC/DC'S FUTURE.

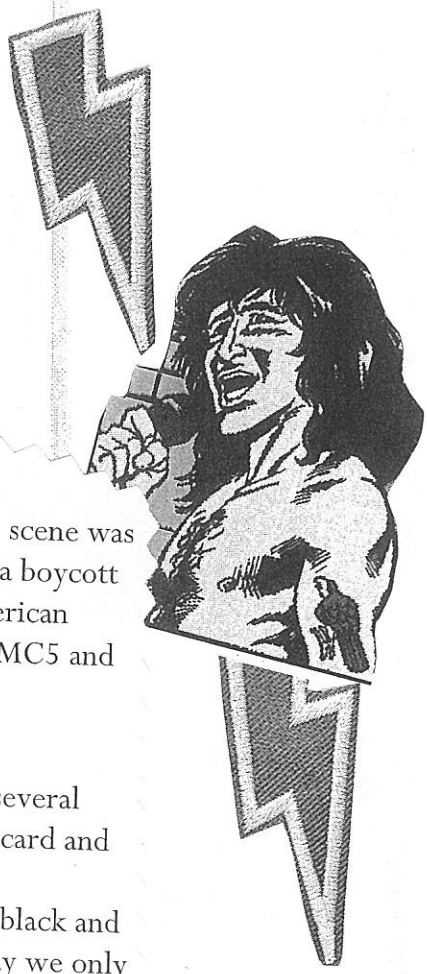


V. (January 21)
STEVIE WRIGHT
This skinny little guy had a big smile and sang his heart out with The Easybeats. He wasn't faking it. He was feeling those songs and he wanted to make you happy. He could do backflips and invented dances and fans called him Little Stevie. They had a top 20 hit in America you probably know, and toured with The Stones and Small Faces, but their label considered them crude because they were Australian, and then as now labels are crime outfits who'll underpay and underpromote a band while letting them rack up debts. They'll even surround a band with drug pushers. These things killed The Easybeats and kept them in debt slavery for three years. Broke, Stevie took a part in Jesus Christ Superstar back home. Depressed, he started using heroin. Vanda + Young hadn't forgotten him, though. They put him in front of a crack hard rock band and gave him some of their best songs: "Hard Road", "Guitar Man", and "Black Eyed Bruiser". A long elaborate ballad called "Evie" hit the charts and kept Stevie from starving in the harrowing years to come. By '76 he was on methadone but while in hospital was given a combination of drug-induced coma and shock treatment by a quack doctor. Stevie suffered brain damage along as did many others and the doctor killed himself to avoid prison.

For decades he'd alternate between projects with Vanda + Young which would fail when his addiction and depression took over. For some years he worked as a janitor, other years he was homeless and in 1984 he went to prison after attempting to break into a house. Humiliated after two years locked up, his mates Vanda + Young reunited The Easybeats in '86 and Stevie was amazed by the young people who loved his band. Stevie suffered chronic heroin addiction and crippling depression for the rest of his life but never gave up his music. He died of pneumonia in 2015 at 68 and Rose Tattoo covered this song in his memory.

VI. (March 18 at 11:06 am)
BON SCOTT: "DOG EAT DOG"
Black Sabbath debuted in February 1970, on Friday the 13th. Despite sneering reviews and resembling nothing in rock history, deploying occultism and fear of divine judgement at a time when plastic paganism and ego cults had replaced LSD and Marxism as the hipster's hula hoop, this "counter-revolutionary" work of revolutionary art went top ten in the UK. It went to #23 in America and sold a million copies. October 1970 saw "Paranoid" top the UK charts. It went to #12 in America and sold four million. This was in spite of no radio play, corrupt management, and a panic over Satanism. They first toured here after "Master Of Reality" went top 10 internationally and became the anti-hippie weapon of choice.





A few years later and it might not have happened. A few years before The Velvet Underground had been buried by hippie vitriol and the entire mid-60s "Nuggets" scene was denied. The "Revolution" even pressed Greg Shaw (founder of *Bomp!*) to call for a boycott of Paul Revere And The Raiders for representing the suddenly "reactionary" American Revolution. Kowtowing to the plastic panther zeitgeist could be deadly too: The MC5 and many others to lesser degrees.

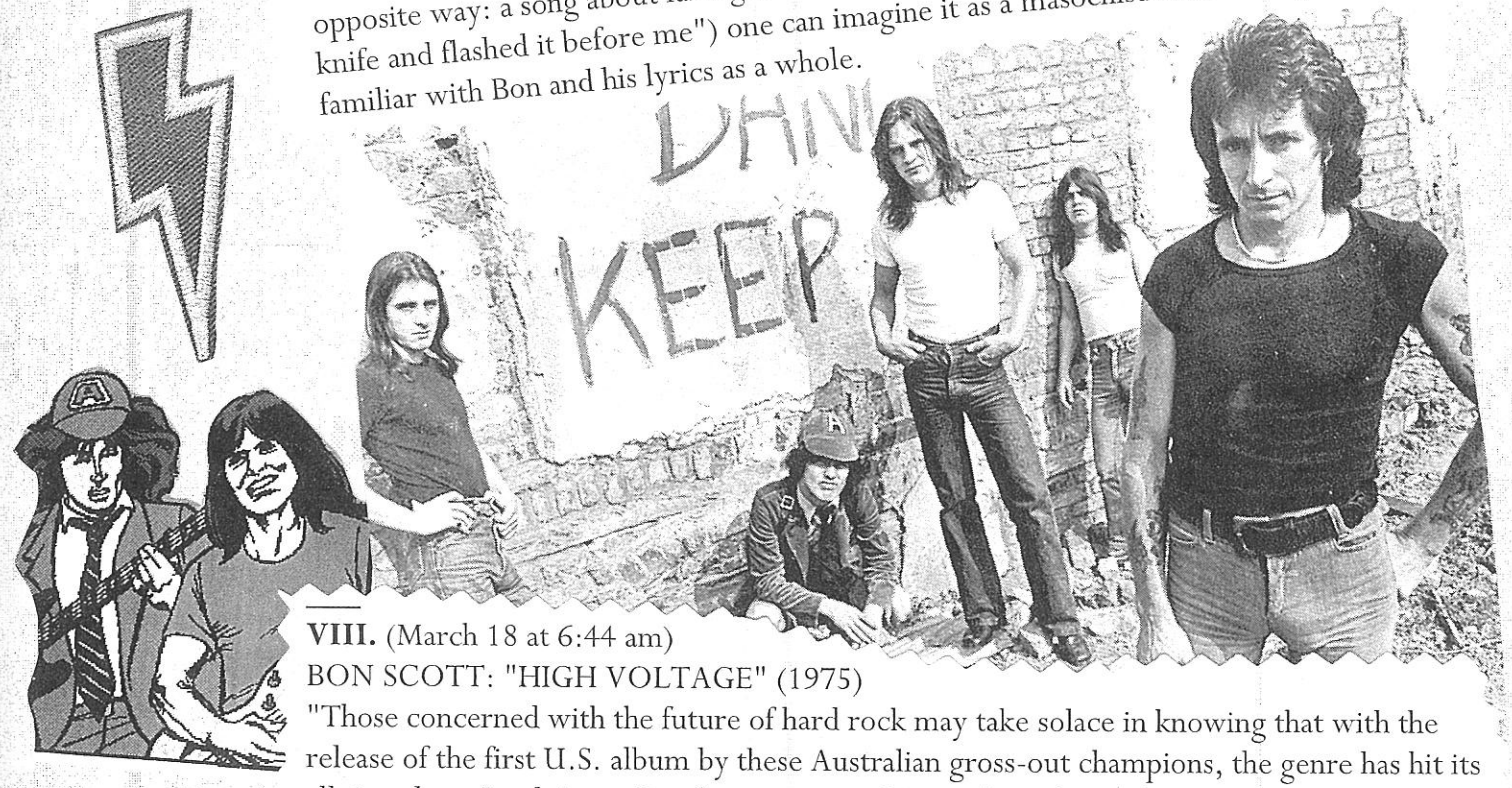
The clampdown began in 1974 but the American market was already guarded by several political and criminal cliques. Once even the poorest could succeed with a library card and some practicality. Sam Phillips grew up picking cotton with no "professional revolutionaries" to turn him against his country or our music. As a D.J. he played black and white artists together and he did likewise at Sun Records. He was a visionary, today we only have idealists.

AC/DC had seen their vision stranded in Australia with an unstable fan base -- the toughs didn't want to be seen at a kiddie glam show. Radio didn't want to play them but Vanda-Young got them on "Countdown". In '76 the sampler of their first two albums was panned and sold so little the American leg of their first tour was cancelled. "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap" was rejected and would only be released after Bon's death.

1977 saw them broke and vengeful. They'd pushed their sound hard. Now they'd shake the bones of the Earth. "Let There Be Rock" was written and recorded in two weeks. Heavier than Stonehenge and just as eternal. "Dog Eat Dog" takes a common metaphor for human depravity and says it doesn't begin to cover the truth. "Well it's dog eat dog/Eat cat too/The French eat frog/And I eat you." He doesn't pander to us, this is an admission of universal depravity, and he is proud to admit he's a part of it. He's not bragging, because his band has just been a chew-toy, and this song is his only set of fangs. "Businessman, when you make a deal/Do you know who you can trust/Do you sign your life away/Do you write your name in dust." The Biblical phrases and acceptance of fate begin appearing on this album. It went to 154 on the U.S. charts, but Top 20 in Europe, and their tour is captured on video.

VII. (March 6 at 4:44 pm)
BON SCOTT: "SOUL STRIPPER"
The jump in power between the Australian "High Voltage" and "TNT" albums is due to Bon's ability to re-focus them from a dinky glam band to an outlaw force. The rough version of "Soul Stripper" I've posted is an early show of his vision shaping a "jam song" into a potent killer.

It's not as good as the hit version, but was sort of an audition for Bon, who was merely their limo driver before being accepted into the band. The misandry present in a minority of male sociopaths is something I've noted in my reviews of Bon's lyrics: other men are derided, but women have names, agency, and power. Due to their oppression women have sometimes benefited from such romantics though with Bon the misandry is so strong it works the opposite way: a song about falling in love is described with such imagery ("she pulled out a knife and flashed it before me") one can imagine it as a masochistic sex fantasy, unless one is familiar with Bon and his lyrics as a whole.



VIII. (March 18 at 6:44 am)
BON SCOTT: "HIGH VOLTAGE" (1975)
"Those concerned with the future of hard rock may take solace in knowing that with the release of the first U.S. album by these Australian gross-out champions, the genre has hit its all-time low. Lead singer Bon Scott spits out his vocals with a truly annoying aggression which, I suppose, is the only way to do it when all you seem to care about is being a star so that you can get laid every night. Stupidity bothers me. Calculated stupidity offends me." - BILLY ALTMAN, *ROLLING STONE*

Today we know AC/DC like we know our dicks and pussies. Sadly that wasn't the case while Bon was alive. Their first three albums only came out in Australia, and when a sampler of the first two appeared the reviews seemed done by a very cranky nursing home patient. Whether "stupidity" is a valid category in music criticism (the ancients thought balance of meter and harmony the mind's highest goal and AC/DC achieve that) or "calculated stupidity" a description of Bon's lyrics which possess an idiom, concern reality, and equal the ferocity of the music (Billy's first two sentences are grammatical disasters, fuzzy in logic, and like most *RS* criticism takes personal offense beyond whatever criticisms can be fished out: is "truly annoying aggression" worth supposing is "the only way to do it when all you seem to care about is being a star so that you can get laid every night".

Surely "truly romantic crooning" would work as well. I think someone like Sam Phillips would see the potential in this "all-time low". Musicians certainly did. Critics who claim "it's the same 3 chord hog hump" are thinking conceptually, like a museum patron mistaking boredom for sophistication. Critics who dismiss Bon's songwriting genius might consider the ancient literary virtues they display which journalists ought to be familiar with.

Billy perhaps believes as the Bolsheviks did: folk art is a feudal artifact that hinders collectivization. It is stupidity, and when put on record asserts individuality: "calculated stupidity". A natural tyrant, to think "offends me" is enough warrant for damnation.

I'll point out the themes of the songs Billy found stupid:
"High Voltage" opens with an awesome 1-2 punch deglamorizing the notion of stardom, putting it eternally in the future, then giving such a personal motivation for seeking it that the quest is noble and spiritual. VANITY is no part of it, and sex isn't mentioned. Sex is a theme used very differently: "The Jack" uses a card game as a metaphor for VD. "Live Wire" is a romantic fantasy about burning down the town. "T.N.T." makes female company a possible weapon or reward for a violent man.

"Can I Sit Next To You Girl?" shows the value of Bon's lyrics because the Young brothers wrote some dumb ones here.
I wouldn't sing this is I was twelve.

"Little Lover" has some vivid erotic imagery that doesn't rely on the usual blues metaphors and leavens it with some self-parody.

"She's Got Balls" is about a woman with balls. I don't know where she got them but overall Bon's lyrics show a man at ease with women and unashamed of sexy lyrics.

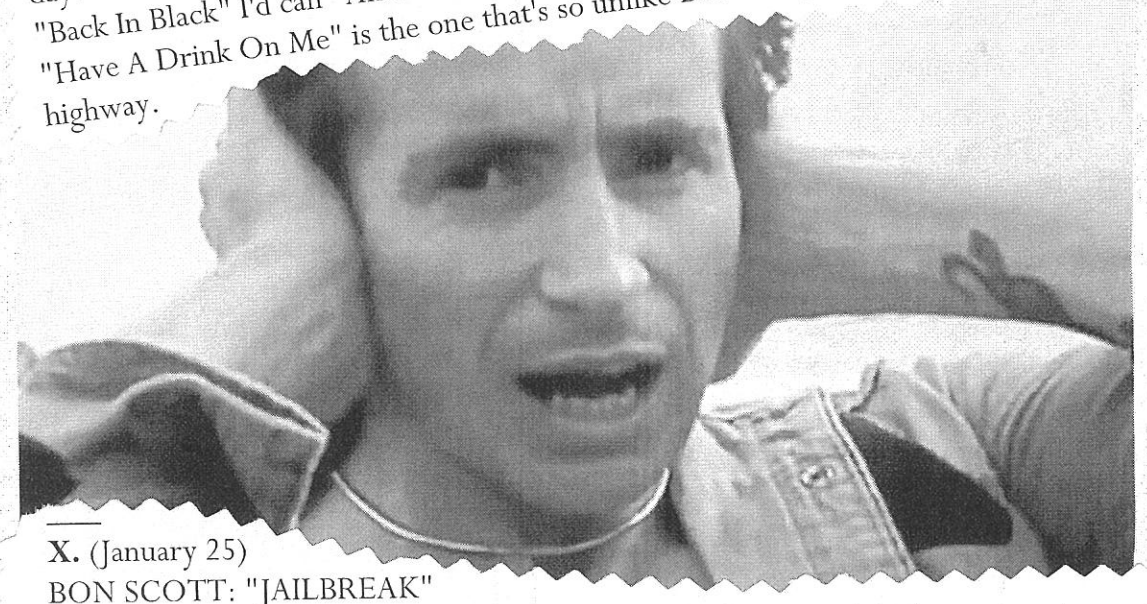
As for "High Voltage": it was recorded during their first album sessions. Bon had just joined and they were using Vanda-Young's in-house rhythm section. The song is a fat T. Rex riff with some Angus soloing but not quite the full "T.N.T." assault. The lyrics are pretty stock glam style paying tribute to rock n roll. Bon likely had to write them fast, though maybe they were Dave Evans leftovers. He sings it in a cleaner anthem voice than usual and while not a favorite it was their third A-side. "Soul Stripper", their best early jam, was the B.

Billy likely considers AC/DC a spectacle designed by rich stars for a richer industry. Bon was a star in talent but -- in part thanks to enemies of the working class like Billy -- he was living hand to mouth. "High Voltage" was ignored and their management was afraid of losing money so cancelled their first American tour. Then "Dirty Deeds" was rejected. Another European tour got them angry and their loudest epic "Let There Be Rock" was written and recorded in 2 weeks. It didn't break the top 100 in America but their world tour was successful. Another tour and "Powerage" hit 133. Ditto and "If You Want Blood" hit 113. A new US manager and producer helped "Highway To Hell" get to 17.

Bon died during that tour, having never made much money. The women and the music meant more to him, since he'd never had money. His sudden death encouraged their label to reissue their earlier albums and that's when they started going platinum over and over. "Back In Black" peaked at 4 here but became the best selling hard rock album of all time.

IX. (January 25)
"CUTS": DEDICATED TO BON SCOTT
I'll explain what I mean so it seems real tidy. Then I'll let you know we're deep in the postmodern era.

"Cuts" (also known as "cues", "edits", "juxtapositions", "contradictions") is theater talk for stage directions. Bon Scott's "Riding down the highway, going to a show..." begins "It's A Long Way To The Top" with a "setting" and for two more lines it holds until "time" and "bitterness" mark a drastic change in subject... one might call the absence of "setting" in most of Bon's lyrics an "alienating effect" suggesting "The Top" really is a long way away. Bon's notes would have his own lingo for these things because he didn't live in Shakespeare's day. Still I could say "Blitzkrieg Bop" is a juxtaposition. As for Bon Scott's authorship of "Back In Black" I'd call "American thighs" unlike him cuz he never mentions a country. "Have A Drink On Me" is the one that's so unlike Bon it might be from his ghost down the highway.



X. (January 25)
BON SCOTT: "JAILBREAK"
This is a tight example of Bon's literary talents including one of the basics, tension and release. There are also dead stops and blood-curdling freezes. The visceral power is overwhelming as Bon stretches his words like a snake, calm, cosmically bemused.

Having invested us in our heroic murderer's freedom to the effect we are hypnotized with anxiety, Bon hits the rafters: "ALL IN THE NAME OF LIB-ER-TY!" This is crazy exciting and an almost singular line in Bon's sprawling epic. It uses a crowd-pleasing word, "liberty", and in reference to a non-Bon character. (Also unusual is him being "A friend of mine" but worth it to add "on murder".) Bon deploys a panoply of ALIENATING techniques and one reason is: he hated pandering "all you need is love" type lyrics.

Compare the music of 1976 with AC/DC and the Ramones and you'll feel ALIENATED already so you can appreciate them for writing such good lyrics. I won't hint how the song ends but I'll point out Bon puts some homoerotic swagger to hint at what you weren't allowed to say!

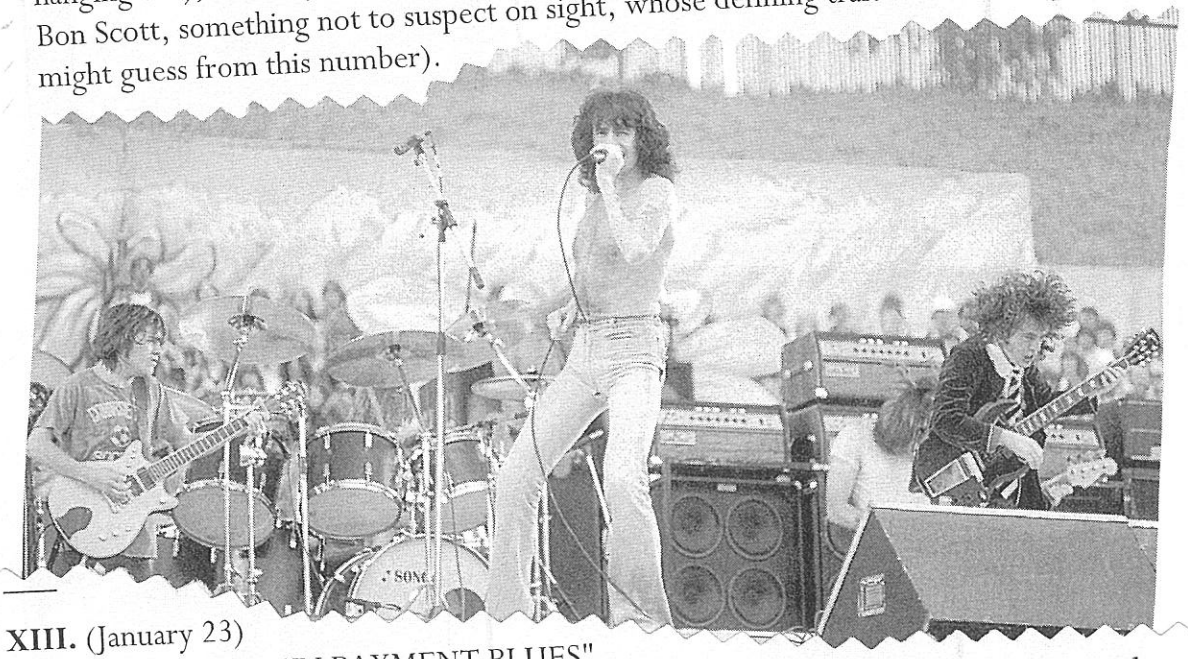
XI. (March 10 at 8:30 pm)
BON SCOTT: "SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES"
This is a great one to warm up with. After a flight check the eagles wings start beating and the runway appears. The song is in full flight when Bon presents his challenge: can you keep up with him? He's looking for ladies, so if you're afraid to ask one out, get ready to be left behind. Now, I'm a guy like Bon. I was a girl's guy long before I was a ladies' man and I know ladies get asked out all the time. You don't expect a yes or no, you expect that if you're polite. You want a reputation as a cool guy who's fun to talk to, who isn't a creep. What better way to show that then take "no" for an answer. Bon gives you some setups here: "I said baby what's the going price, she told me to go to hell." WRONG WAY, guys. What if another guy butts in? He's got a "chip on his shoulder", no secure man would have to guard his lady like she's Fort Knox.

XII. (January 23)
BON SCOTT: "ROCK N ROLL DAMNATION"
Here's a favorite one might guess is about rock n roll excess chock full of swagger. I had the impression it was about runaway kids from the line "living on the street you've got to practice what you preach". The awesome chorus has the line "ma's own whipping boy" so I thought the kids ran away because of that.

Clearly I was wrong as Bon Scott is probably the one songwriter whose take on child abuse would that there should be more, and when he found them on the street he would eat them. So what's it really about? Well, it's a response to a rock critic. A lady rock critic. It starts by sassing her like she's a hooker, then it details how Bon knows the lady is a hooker who started as a runaway, and still is, and he knows because she's the dirtiest hooker he knows and she's always after him! Instead she's getting a "Rock N Roll Damnation", in other words a vile act of slander for a WOMAN who thinks she can cross BON SCOTT. Had he included her name is would mean he could commit a crime with his songwriting, a dream come true for the man.

I don't know what happened to the woman besides having this beloved party singalong in which her "secret" is revealed by the same rock star with the song advertising that he'll commit murder in exchange for sex.

Lest you imagine she'd written some outrageous hit piece on the band and deserved this, it seems Bon thought so, because he quotes her. They say that you play too loud (they were maybe the loudest band of their time), they say that you got too much (about the millions of dollars or millions of women Bon bragged he had on their first album?), they tell you that you look a fool (safe to assume he was wearing the one flannel shirt with his beer gut hanging out), and they say that your mind's diseased (probably the best known fact about Bon Scott, something not to suspect on sight, whose defining trait was his sociopathy, as one might guess from this number).



XIII. (January 23)
BON SCOTT: "DOWN PAYMENT BLUES"
One of the things you'd expect a sociopath to sing about would be his life history, or rather the bizarre lies he wanted to tell about it. Bon Scott indeed lived a life full of unusual incidents, which likely hardened his outlook, but he doesn't draw upon them or his criminal escapades which he knew to keep secret.

I suppose Bon considered songs about his bad times something a sucker would write. Don't shed a tear for me, or think we've got something in common, because I'm a Rock N Roll Singer! I too would consider fronting AC/DC worth the scars it took to get there.

Bon does want us to know (1) he's got the blood of the devil and as a problem child realized schools taught shit, moral standards are a lie, and jobs are for suckers. His parents were suckers with jobs too. You're fools and I'm no fool. (2) he spent a long time getting to the top and touring was rough and we got ripped off, and also he plays bagpipes, check it out.

Sometimes Bon would try a genre he despised to make points not typically found in such songs, and these had elements of parody, audience-baiting, and one of his favorite tricks, pairing a setup with an emotionally dissonant payoff.

A sad scene resulting in a joke, say.

"Down Payment Blues" begins as only he could: "I know that it's evil, I know that it's got to be!", before introducing his predicament: he's unemployed and while "doing nothing means a lot to me" he is unjustly short on cash. Asking for charity donations and going on welfare show his working-class credibility. As we'd expect from a blues, things get darker: he buys a Cadillac hoping a certain Suzy will get in with him, but she doesn't. "I'm living in a nightmare!" he concludes. "She's looking like a wet dream!" hammers home the injustice of it all.

His subsequent slide into poverty hurts those closest to him: "I can't even feed my cat!" so misery is his social security check. The darkest point comes when Bon ponders getting a job which warps reality so much that he's poor, then rich on a boat having sex with Suzy, then poor again. THE GODS ARE LAUGHING.

It was a brave choice to document such a blues and the emotional honesty is why people love Bon Scott. Clearly poverty is an issue he cares deeply about and the reason he bares his own pain urges us to donate to Ethiopia or something. The lesson here is universal: when Suzy doesn't have sex in your Cadillac, get a boat because that's the place Suzy likes to fuck.

Reprinted with the suggestion of Joe Carducci

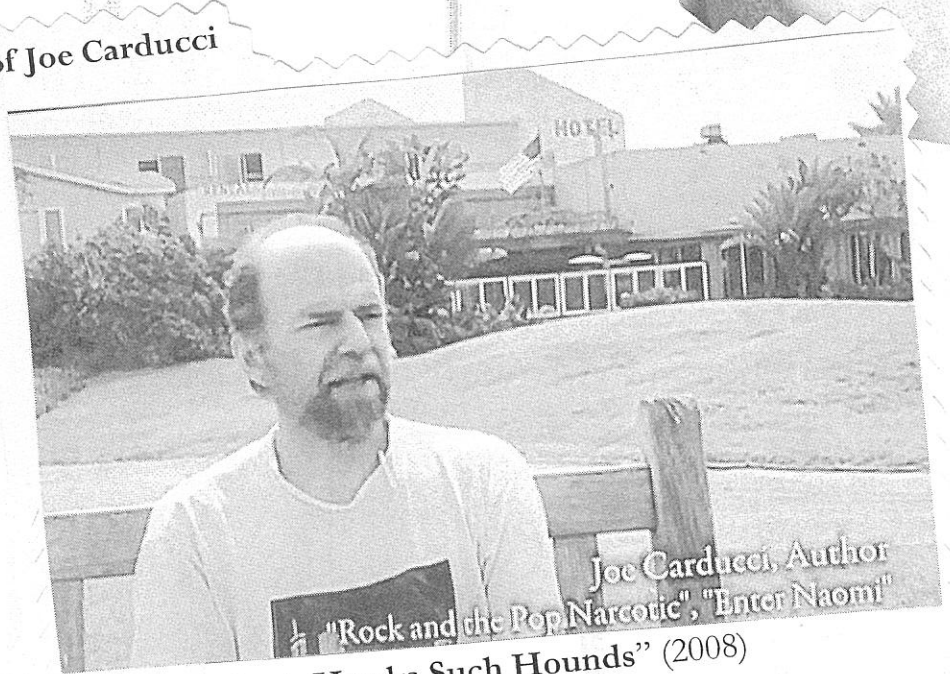
(B.c. – do you read?)

The New Vulgate

a new low in topical enlightenment

Sunday, April 19, 2020

Issue #157 (April 20, 2020)

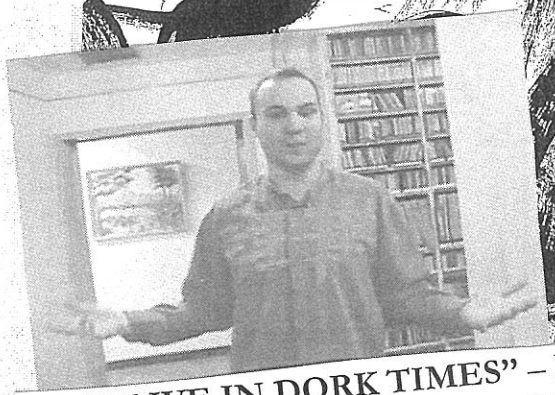


"Such Hawks Such Hounds" (2008)

XIV. (January 26)

BON SCOTT: "TOUCH TOO MUCH"

The question of whether it is indeed possible to touch too much is answered by Bon. Seems like it. LOVE is a word Bon never uses cheaply and the word makes an earlier striking appearance in the chorus of "What's Next To The Moon?" which I'll talk about also. It's about Bon's ex-wife of many years who he loved very much indeed, in the way way long ago. COULD HE EVER LOVE AGAIN? One always hopes. He dreamed about HER, sensed she was out there: "It was one of those nights when you turn out the lights, and everything comes into view, she was taking her time, I was losing my mind, there was nothing that she wouldn't do!" A subtle cut put us further into his vision: "It wasn't the first, it wasn't the last, SHE KNEW WE WERE MAKIN' LOVE!" Listen to the soul he puts into the word "love". "I was so satisfied, deep down inside, like a hand in a velvet glove!" So are we, but in truth falling in love is a REALITY SHOCK so intense it feels a bit crazy: "Seems like a touch, a touch too much, too much for my body, too much for my mind, she's got a touch, a touch too much." He is awed by her divinity but finds courage and abandons himself to her storm: "She had the face of an angel, smiling with sin, the body of Venus with arms/Dealing with danger, stroking my skin, let the thunder and lightning begin."



"WE LIVE IN DORK TIMES" – B.c.

Be sure to check out Joe's latest collection of screenplays, **SEA STORIES**, as well as the upcoming film **THE GOLDEN SARCOPHAGA** -PLUS an album known tentatively as **THE CARDUCCI BROTHERS.**

XV. (January 25)

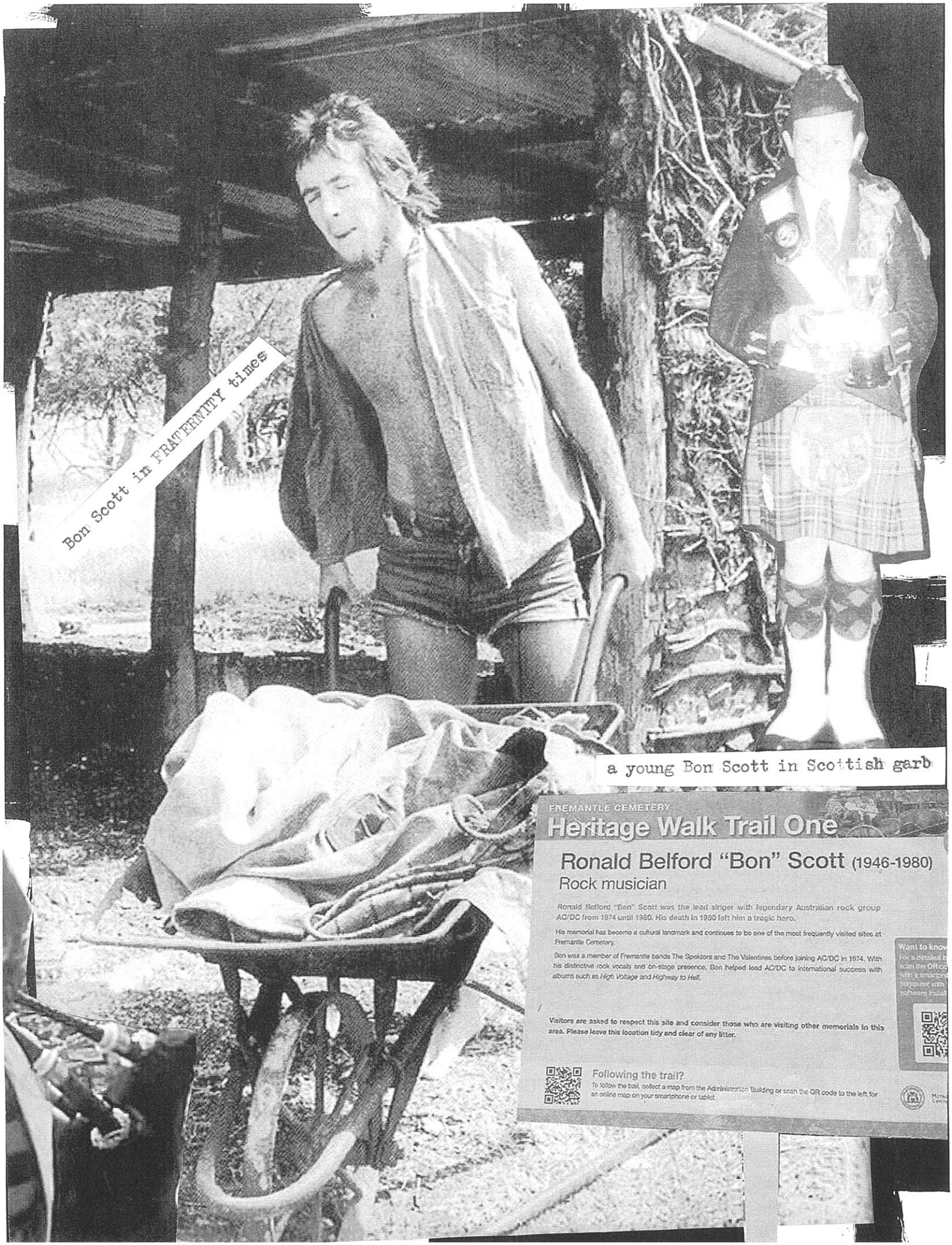
SAD.

Back's broke. Thought I'd hang out with Bon Scott and learned a lot from him.

"Black man's blues, white man's schmaltz" was how he said it. He had times like mine and lord they were bad. I don't like them coming back.

Now I'm down. Lonely. Just cry at my cat. Started to rain. Room looks hellish and there won't be one around for a long time.

B.c. Photo by Paul Anson
Bon Scott - Prophet of Damnation – Part 2
A Facebook Mobile Disquisition
B.C. Miller
MORE POWERFUL THAN MEATLOAF'S DEODERANT...
AAAARG!
ABLE TO LEAP TALL SPEAKER STACKS IN A SINGLE BOUND...
LOOK, UP ON THE STAGE! IT'S THE BYRDS, IT'S THE AIRPLANE, NO... IT'S AC/DC!
13


Bon Scott in FRATERNITY times
a young Bon Scott in Scottish garb
FREMANTLE CEMETERY
Heritage Walk Trail One
Ronald Belford "Bon" Scott (1946-1980)
Rock musician
Ronald Belford "Bon" Scott was the lead singer with legendary Australian rock group AC/DC from 1974 until 1980. His death in 1980 left him a tragic hero.
His memorial has become a cultural landmark and continues to be one of the most frequently visited sites at Fremantle Cemetery.
Bon was a member of Fremantle bands The Spektors and The Valentines before joining AC/DC in 1974. With his distinctive rock vocals and on-stage presence, Bon helped lead AC/DC to international success with albums such as High Voltage and Highway to Hell.
Visitors are asked to respect this site and consider those who are visiting other memorials in this area. Please leave this location tidy and clear of any litter.
Following the trail?
To follow the trail, collect a map from the Administration Building or scan the QR code to the left for an online map on your smartphone or tablet.

RINGO STARR AT THE FRAZE!

Dreamed my mom and I saw **Ringo Starr & His All Starr Band.** What a show. Didn't get a full set list because…

…after all was sung and done I managed to get a few words in; brought my copy of "The Magic Christian" on DVD and made my way to a barricade, shouting.

W: Ringo, you haven't been answering my fan letters!

Ringo locks eyes with me

W: I know you don't like to sign pictures of yourself but would you sign my copy of "The Magic Christian" …sir…?

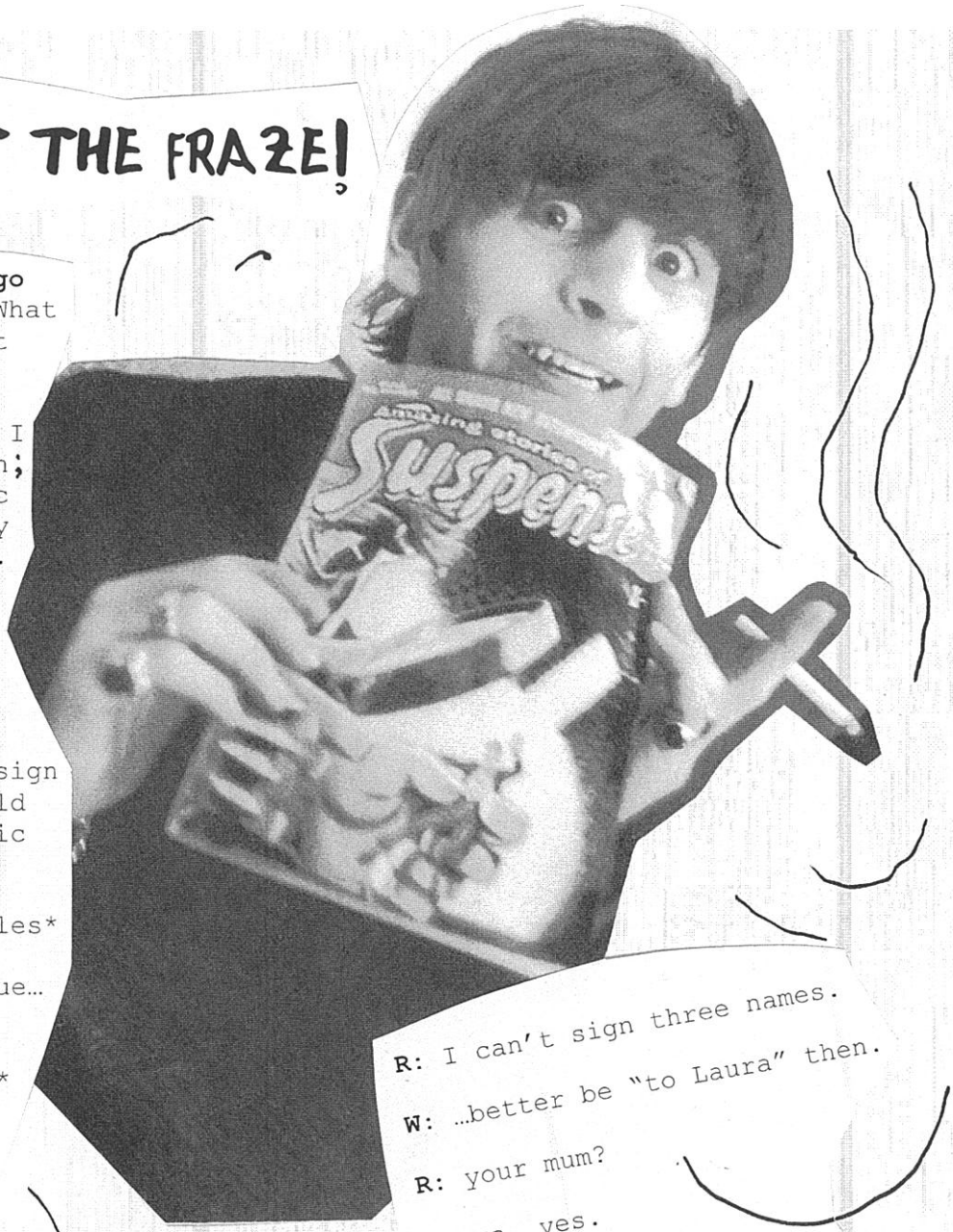
R: Sir Richard Starkey. *smiles*

W: …yes! *to self* that's true…

Ringo ignores a sharpie I'm holding and produces his own

R: …name for it?

W: to Faux! Wood! Paneling!



R: I can't sign three names.

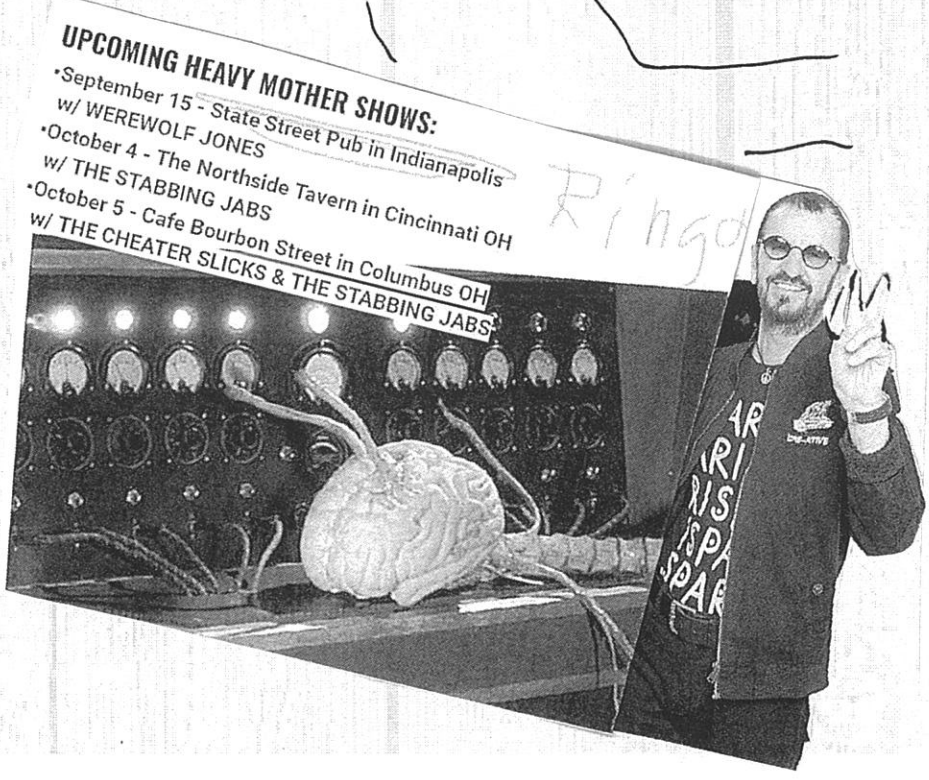
W: …better be "to Laura" then.

R: your mum?

W: ma, yes.

M: WOW!!

Ringo signs my DVD case


UPCOMING HEAVY MOTHER SHOWS:
•September 15 - State Street Pub in Indianapolis w/ WEREWOLF JONES
•October 4 - The Northside Tavern in Cincinnati OH w/ THE STABBING JABS
•October 5 - Cafe Bourbon Street in Columbus OH w/ THE CHEATER SLICKS & THE STABBING JABS
Ringo

W: …so how was working with Peter Sellers?

Ringo finishes his handiwork, motions to Edgar Winter who is walking by FAST that he is finishing up

R: ..here you are. Bye now.

Ringo smiles at my mom, shakes her extended hand for a second and powerwalks off- didn't have any jelly beans but we did OK!

We will *truly* see Ringo on September 15th.

Smooth Jazz implies the existence of rough jazz

FEATURES: CLAUDE BESSY & SLASH, AC/DC, HEAVY MOTHER II ROBERT FORWARD...

REVIEWS: RECORDS/COMICS/BOOKS/FILMS/ANIME...

FWP in Dayton!

the output of

ROBERT FORWARD.

WALLS FLOWING, OWN THE WHOLE WORLD...

I really wonder about these stickers that come with every Robert Forward / "Walls Flowing" release... can it be? No... NOT LSD... maybe that's his thing; multicolored stickies on green/orange / yellow CD sleeves... I'm burning the midnight oil, what the heck...

wait for melt

...

...

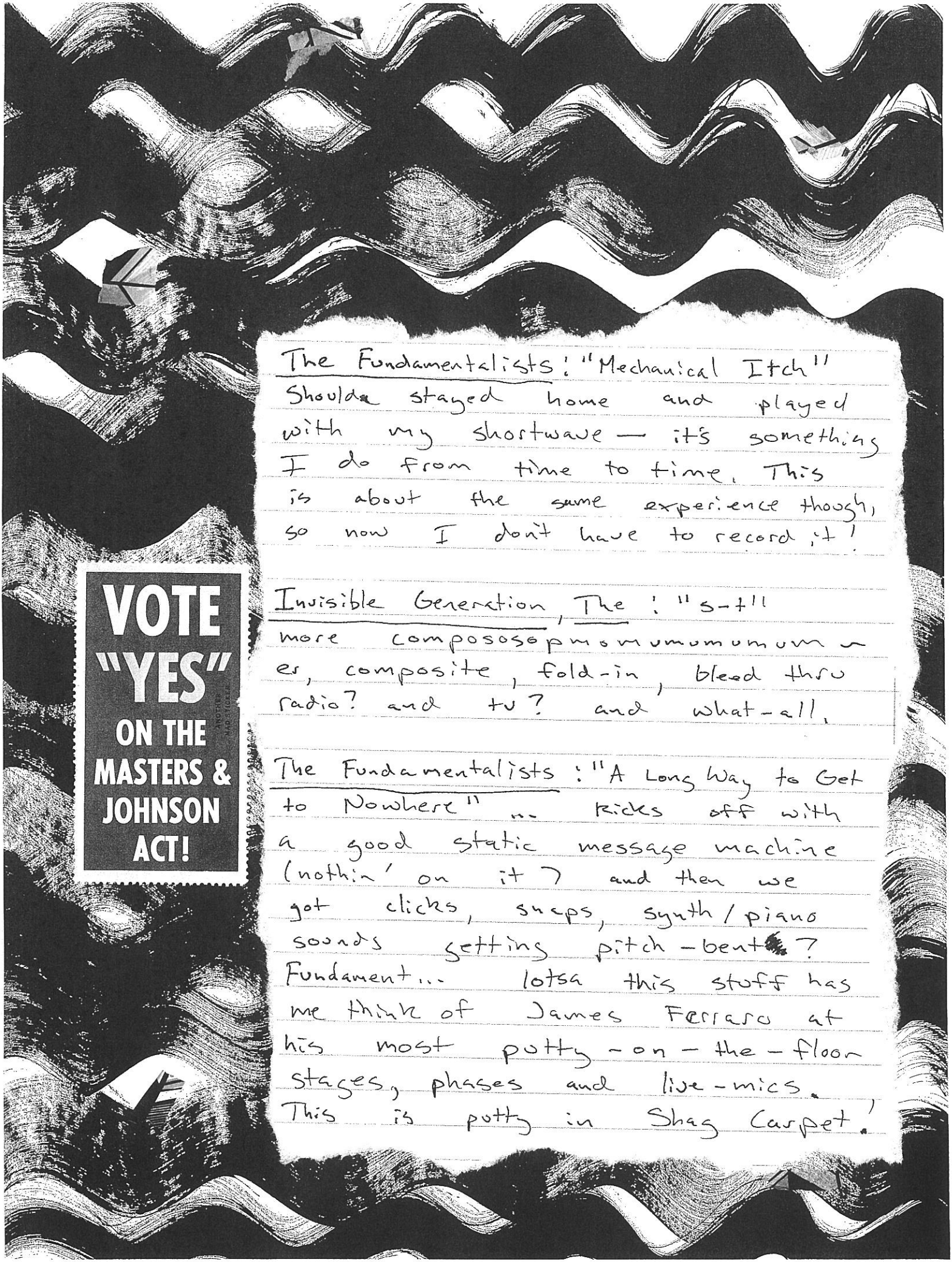
...

...

Hmm. No, I just think I have a scrap of tape in my mouth.

Okay, What I got this month...

The Civics !"Peach"!: TV never sounded so vile w/out hint of image other than my pen and paper and hands and desk and lights flashing and slowing? No, no slow. Just imagination. DJT v Biden tonight, 4:33 pm currently on Jun 27, 2024. Will not watch.



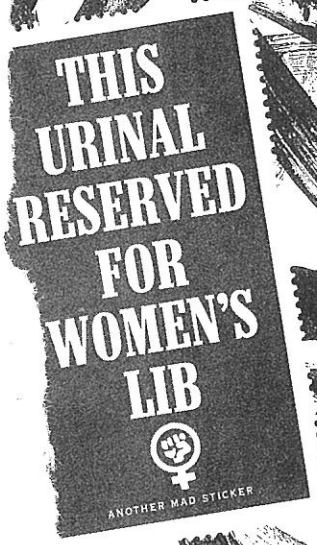
The Fundamentalists: "Mechanical Itch" Shoulda stayed home and played with my shortwave — it's something I do from time to time. This is about the same experience though, so now I don't have to record it!

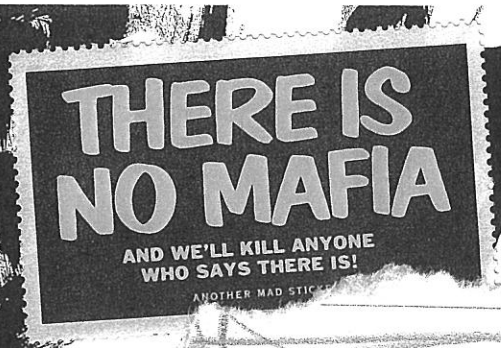
Invisible Generation, The: "s-t!! more compososopmomumomumumum-er, composite, fold-in, bleed thru radio? and tv? and what-all.

The Fundamentalists: "A Long Way to Get to Nowhere" .. kicks off with a good static message machine (nothin' on it) and then we got clicks, snaps, synth/piano sounds getting pitch-bent? Fundament... lotsa this stuff has me think of James Ferraro at his most putty-on-the-floor stages, phases and live-mics. This is putty in Shag Carpet!

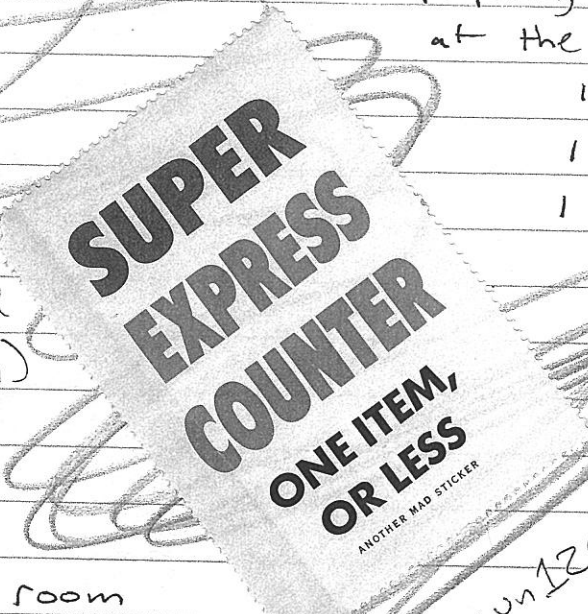
Forms of Insanity: "AMBIT 1986"
holy shit, is this a band ??
Sounds as Stoogian / Eels as say, Mordecai, found here elsewhere. Aspiring and inspiring, here. OH! I forgot... Akron OH. Track one was live and has got more sci-fi sounds, spoken stuff akin to... ah heck! I LIKE IT! Investigate... Discogs says Akron '84. Skipping around from rock out to blues licks to ... a shanty at one point? Fun fun fun but not Fundamentalists, note that. More from them now —

The Fundamentalists: "The Emphatic Know" & "The Renaissance" ... respectively. "TEK" kicks off with perhaps a mower and a siren? Like a tornado siren (it's what I got that sonically resembles this in OHIO), Reminds me of this time I recorded 4:33 at a gas station when the price of gas was $4.33. But this is 22 minutes and 52 seconds. Track one. Track TWO is more of an indoor affair. Slowly nearing what, an HVAC system, them walking away? 22:51 "Let The Walls Flow"





Oh, "The Renaissance"...
like purposely staring
at the ceiling,
|
|
|



It
would
seem
that
Robert Forward
practices (loosely)
MUSIC FOR
TWO PLAYERS
II
"In a closed room
pass over 2 hours
in silence"

ubugun12@yahoo.com

"(They may do
anything but speak)" - Mieko Shiomi

"...afterall, this music-maker can't
be the guy opening and
closing doors during ~~~~~
these recordings... while anyone
can do it, *WALLS ~~~~~
FLOWING*
has got more than *29* ~~~~~ recordings
that can be heard quiet, loud, on
repeat, with one or many speakers,
inside / outside, ——— . w — ~~outta~~ 157
Copies

WAIT! STOP THE PRESSES!

more now from

ROBERT FORWAD ooo

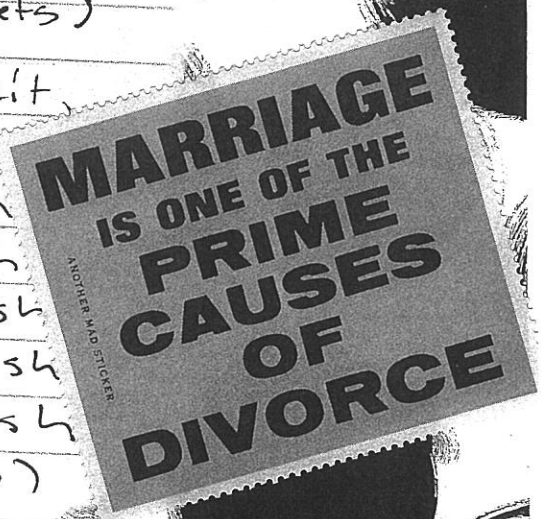
(ForewaRd is forearmed...) (or) (waRned...)

"The History of Rock 'N' Roll Onion Rolls" – various artists Volume Two

Lidless Eye / Inri 66 "Live Halloween" 2019 and Knox Mitchell + Stephen Kish PRACTICE ... all circa 2016 – er, 2019. This is most likely the first Walls Flowing release I heard, Jerry Lee Lewis cover, Some chatter about what was it, Pumpkin Spice Lattes? D.A.F. / MONITOR type racket-spillage.

(Fine various rackets)

The Fundamentalist "A Circle Is Never Complete" ... oh wait, no, "Blues For Anita Berber" ... I am sliding ~~through~~ through shsshshsshshs a duct shshhshshh shshhshshhsh duct work shh shsh shhshshhshshshshshs shh sh shshhsh shh sh sh shh shh s sh (TV) and some birds do sing (too)



no sleeve
no notes... WF021
...ch like the stuff I heard that came across like a film soundtrack ... oh! I used the sleeve for a review of this very same disc in Faux Wood Paneling #4. Still quite good — listening at work instead of at home. Yeah... It's gotta be EMPTY CAGES "Mental Anguish / Lidless Eye" again.

026 ... NAGALOKA
bzz buzz chick chock
.. clock .. Squee ...
wooooooooo eeeee ee oooooooooooo

at
the
Ice
Palace

by Knox
Mitchell
Maria Elliott
Thom Elliott
Knox Mitchell

OWN THE WHOLE WORLD

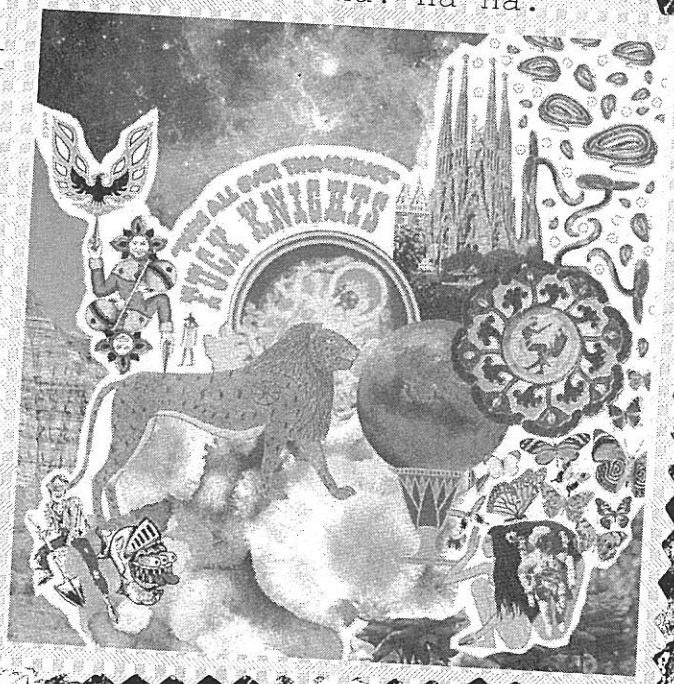
XX CD XX TAPE XX RECORD XX REVIEWS XX

FUCK KNIGHTS – "PUKE ALL OVER THEMSELVES"

Funny for a CD to show an A and B side… Ha! Ha ha. There may be a licorice pizza of this album but I have the CD version. Either way:

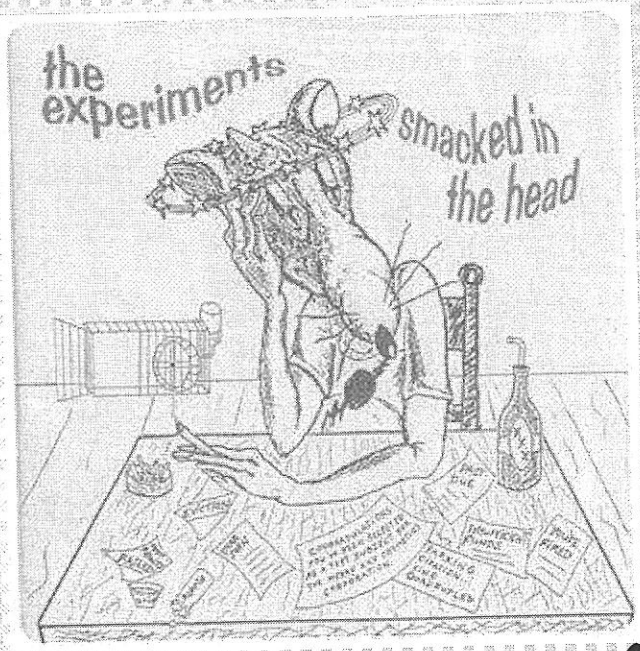
FUCK KNIGHTS! HOLY SHIT! WOW!

A great 'tarded blooze-rock sound that is much needed on every other street corner. KICKS BUTT, DOOD! Goodgoodgood. Find a copy of this, CD works fine.



THE EXPERIMENTS – "SMACKED IN THE HEAD"

Found this one in the San Diego Reader "blurt" review section- that's just where I was in Spring 2024. Meltzer was favorable enough with these boys, but suggested they pack up their smart lyrics: forego rock und roll and just become poets already!



BIG MIKE – "HEAVENS TO BETSY"

Claude Bessy voice

"So this is Ska, eh?"

Considering I don't seek this stuff out usually, I gotta say that I LIKE IT! Like it enough on **its** own terms, that is.

Another "blurt" pull, if you sense it or not.

I guess this isn't full blown Ska. It's ostensibly Ska and something other…

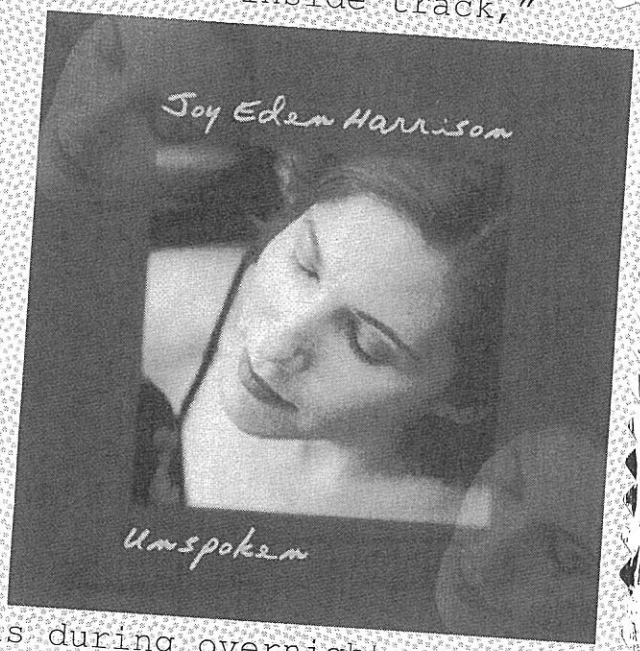
30 SECOND PRESIDENT – "SELF TITLED"

Another "blurt" find from the Meltzer files. Riffin' on tracks 1 and 2 seem about the same. Lyrical content unabsorbed. So many thank-yous in the liner notes… this band must be well-loved!

Or they love a lot, unconditionally? Track 4, "Children Of The Stars" speaks of loving someone "more than life"- someone with eyes fir staring into… so yeah, they are deeply affectionate. Awwww…

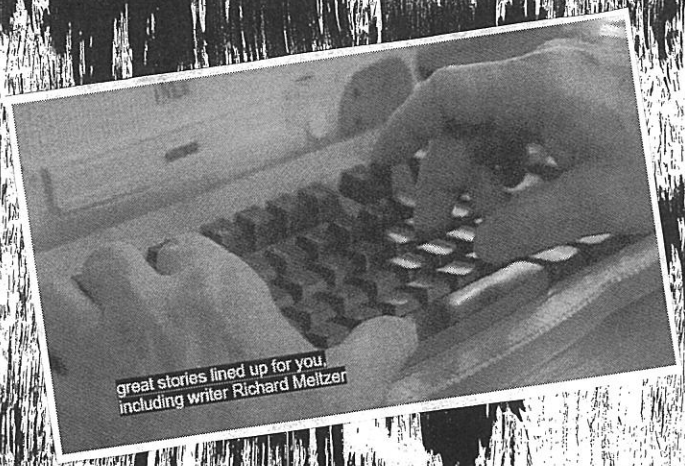
JOY EDEN HARRISON – "UNSPOKEN"

More "blurt", this time "blurt – the inside track," specifically… a record review section from the San Diego Reader, circa the late '90s, early '00s!



This singer songwriter, Miss Joy, reviewed by Richard Meltzer in the SD Reader, made her career likely in the same orbit as Cindy Lee Berryhill. Alrighty.

My second, refined impression of this disc is… I'd be happy to play this during overnight programming at the jazz station. She'd fit in nicely. Like she'd be in good company with Little Jimmy Scott, Blossom Dearie, even Ken Nordine at times. I don't think I'd listen to this whole CD sitting down, but if a tune came up in a random-automated set with other fine-okay stuff I'd accept that, sure thing, swell.



BLURT – "MY MOTHER WAS..." LIVE COMPILATION

The story of this collection goes that there were plenty of late 80's clips featuring Ted Milton and Blurt on YouTube, and a savvy engineer, Sam Britton, took that degraded camcorder audio and spruced up the tunes to place on wax.

I haven't taken the time to compare the YouTube audio to what's on these rekkids, but I imagine it's improved and altered in ways so arcane we can't know about it. The notes on this thing give us more than apocryphal hype, but how about showing us how the double-LP sausage is made? I guess this guy can't show his hand yet.

Anywhoos, how often do you hear Blurt with keyboards?? When you do, you'll think the sound is pretty atypical, I tell ya! And altogether this is a fine live comp.

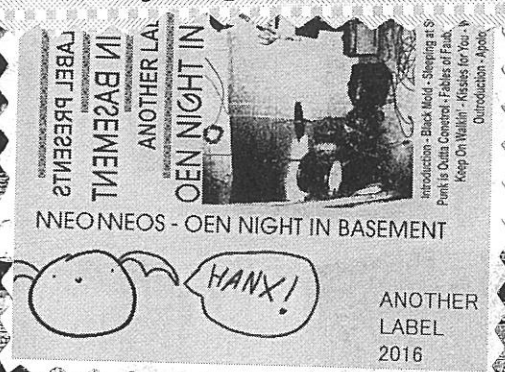
NEO NEOS – "GET THE NEO NEOS" / "ACT VII"

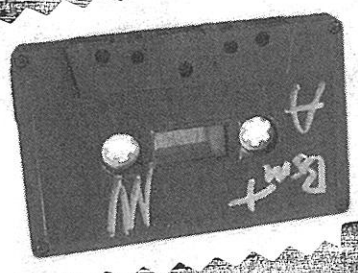
WELL MARIO! Time to save princess PEACH FROM BOWSER AGAIN HAHAHA-- hockey anyone? Dr. peppie? Letterboxd????

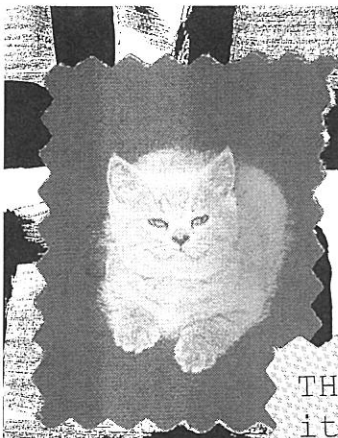
Two mini albums, one on each side, 300 copies and *is a year old already*.

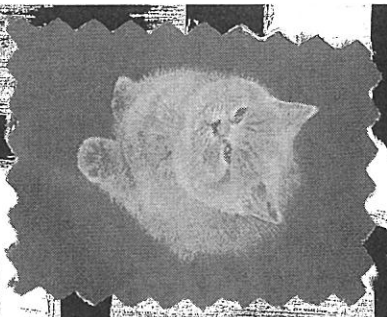
GET… is the first NN I ever heard. ONLINE. It's a pretty clean presentation, considering what's on the flip HERE, compared to "TYPE V" and "In Punk For The Culture Set" and other muck. The thing about Connie Voltaire is that there are all these songs that flow out of Connie Voltaire. Some of them are recorded multiple times at different speeds and angles and in different spaces. Many culminated in FINAL-ish form on the previous "KILL SOMEONE YOU HATE"*

Those songs were pretty good and it's SO REFRESHING to hear an approach like what I imagine a jump band would do, where there's a record and a couple live film appearances and then there would be CD comps with multiple studio takes and shoddy live recordings a half century later but we get it all now and jumbled up. Though during the early days maybe it was just C solo in a basement principally assembling rhythms and solos ad hoc.

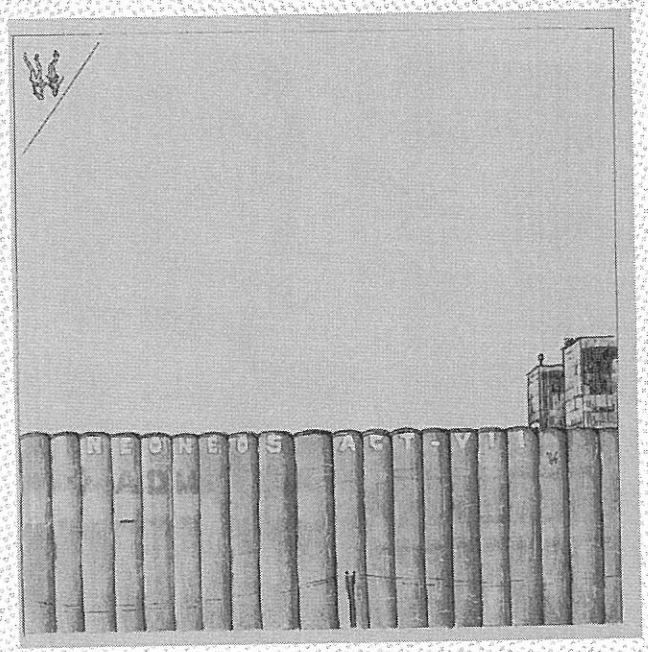








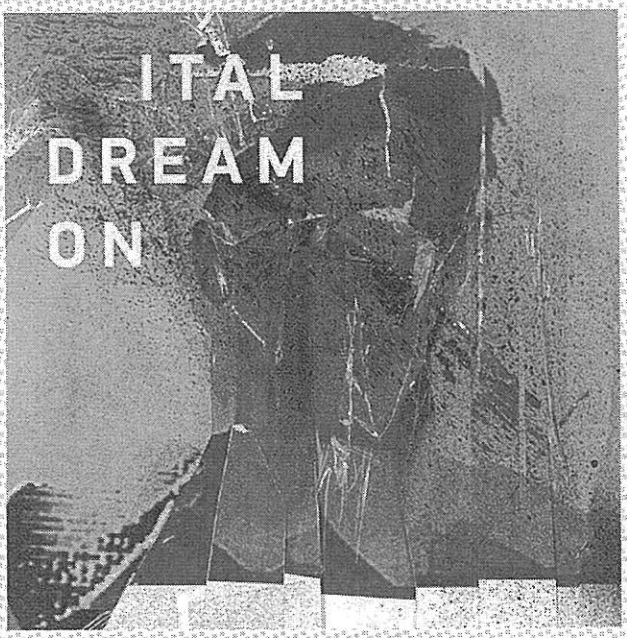
THAT being said, "GET THE NEO NEOS" had a smattering of itchy signatures on it that didn't really get oft repeated (besides "Pizzamobile") anywhere else by my count. Mister Pirtle (Rob Rioux, RIP) thought "Tanya The Evil" sounded like Redd Kross.



ACT VII… on the other side… goes for broke & blowout with a few Voltaire standards ("Total Oka," "Hamburgie Hill" and their ringer of the Charles Mingus classic "Fable of Faubus") und new efforts ("I Love The Beat," "Electronic Kit," "Gatekeep Me Alone" …) — makes for a glorious annoyance. Plus all the Charles Bronson-esque samples that bridge songs together let you know just what kind of entity and act Connie is- a film & sport lovin' buffo, a GAMER that won't cede energy or shrieking visions. Thank FUCK!

*…Connie and others were further heard in live stuff like "THE VERY BEST OF THE NEO NEO" by NEOTYPES which was Connie plus accomplices. NEOTYPES live in basement sessions are also on YouTube and those sessions are worth seeing and hearing. Now NEOTYPES, which was Neo Neos live, is just called Neo Neos- Connie seems to have materialized a steady crew and judging from their YT presence ("TRIUMPH AT THE WHITE SQUIRREL") we can expect even more betterment. "OEN NIGHT IN BASEMENT" fits into all this somewhere around the time of "KSYH" and then "NEO NEO NEOTYPES" came sometime after that but we are leaving album review territory for fan service at this point which isn't really a crime in this rag but I'll jus end this here- NXA

ITAL – "DREAM ON"



This review is the kind that goes track-by-track, okay? Favorite non-band "dance" record ever?

PLATTER 1

A

DESPOT - deranged SCHWANGIN', SCHWINGIN' fucked up dance BARRAGE. excellent one-side opener for this double 45.

B

BOI - icky thoughts and feelings: "ladyboys" … not bad but maybe the straightest track ironically, so of course this was the "single" with an accompanying video.

EAT SHIT (WATERFALLS MIX) - a vignette of an unsteady holding pattern that gains self-consciousness… 1/2 of 2 act play.

PLATTER 2

A

ENRIQUE - …an introspective, broken vertical hold that is aware of an affected OTHER nearby. 2/2 of 2 act play.

HOUSECAPELLA - a shortie sound cue for nodding out or on & on

B

WHAT A MESS - what I probably would have called "detritus" at one point, I now would call "the kitchen sink" … vocal parts are pitched up and down and blown out and hardly any of it is intelligible and forlorn sonic arts signal something about the state of our health care I think- but mostly it's just more twistin' for your mind and body.

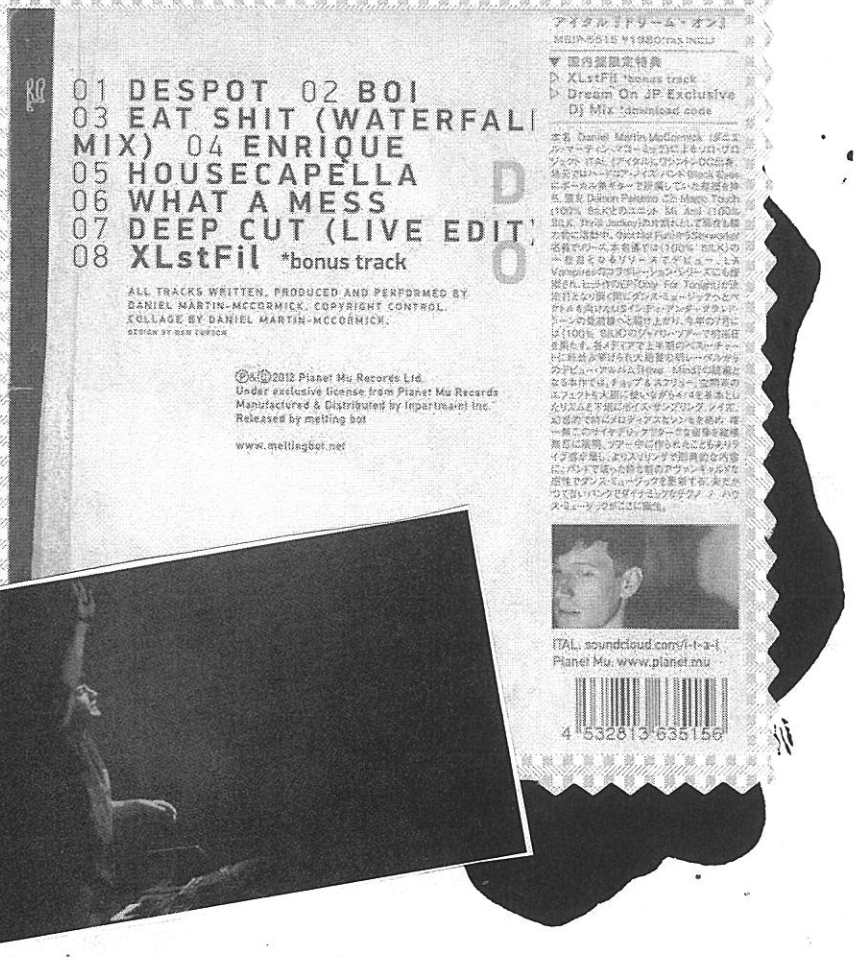
DEEP CUT (LIVE EDIT) - ANd THEn We RRRRIIIIDe OUt… nice and sleazy does it.

***

An oldie but a goodie, you can order this Planet Mu release cheap!

Realized sometime near the end of July '24 that the Bandcamp release and Japanese CD version included something extra… "XLstFil (bonus track)" which is what it sounds like.

I haven't totally absorbed it yet.


01 DESPOT 02 BOI
03 EAT SHIT (WATERFALL MIX) 04 ENRIQUE
05 HOUSECAPELLA
06 WHAT A MESS
07 DEEP CUT (LIVE EDIT)
08 XLstFil *bonus track
ALL TRACKS WRITTEN, PRODUCED AND PERFORMED BY DANIEL MARTIN-MCCORMICK. COPYRIGHT CONTROL.
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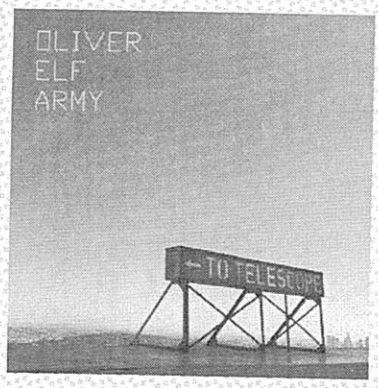
OLIVER ELF ARMY – "TELESCOPE," "...ARE SENDING THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS," "GOALLESS AT HALFTIME"

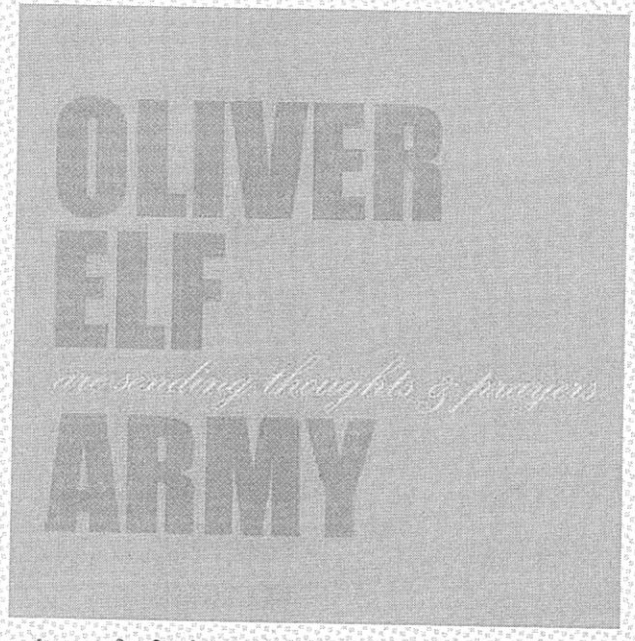
What's FINISHED, huh? For my time and money, more time than anything, the "Telescope" CD is the finest release by OEA. Four songs, all above the grade set by their first consumable disc, which had 2/4 good ones, by my count ("Dilaudid," "Parisian Nightsuit").



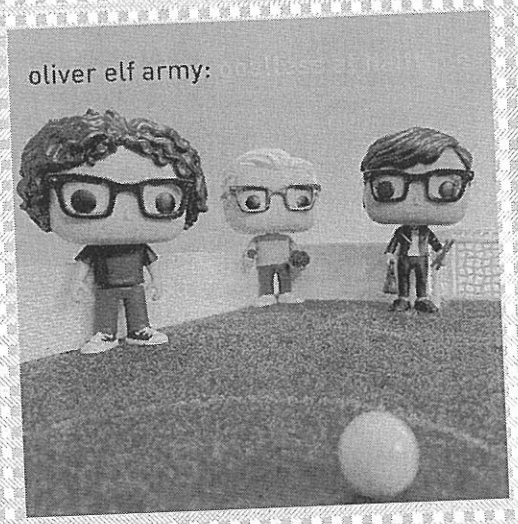
Martin is a bit more ragged a singer on record than Green Gartside- he's still pretty smooth -while Mary clocked in as dutiful drummer. Whatever alchemy occurred in the studio or basement just worked. They have a great incisive sound.

Lyrically, stylistically, they are up with Belle & Sebastian at best. Worst?: well, I can't *consciously* compare them to an Imperial Teen video. That is a "me" problem.

They were at their peak on "Telescope," but their full-length record "...Are Sending Thoughts & Prayers" places them up on a shelf next to a DVD of "X: The Unheard Music" and made them the _premier_ Sinister Pop group for what *that's* worth! Good show and good music, what I mentioned...

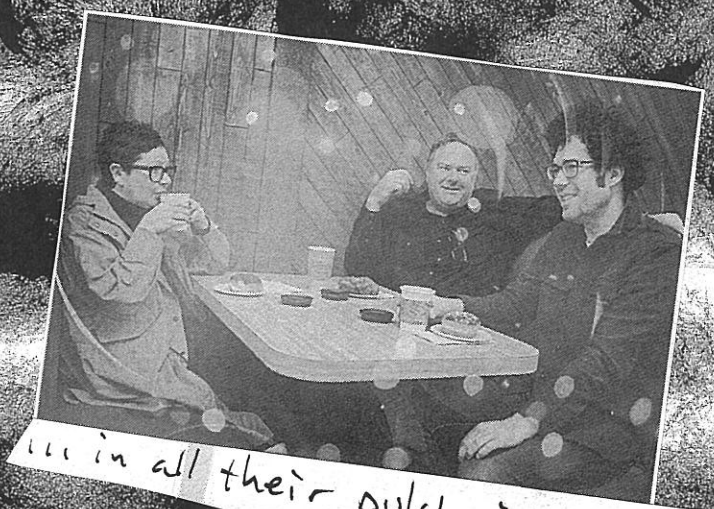


While the Jukebox Jury was out on their fairly recent "Goalless at Halftime," Max Stephens (1/3 of the lovely Fuzz Mutt, now defunct?) over at Seattle Music Insider brings up stuff like increased musicality and themes such as the importance of friendship over networking or "schmoozing," -in my experience, *sardonic rock bands gave me so much more*: the hint to take a direct flight away from such junk in the perpetually hyped PNW. For those visiting, it is an away field.



Question: is it likely that the mill town of Everett has run fresh outta messed-around uncouth louts who would humour such impeccable artistry? Louts who could be tolerated for a time in turn? Perhaps OEA didn't have a clear tangible target for a scrimmage- what has been left for them is the time for more *imagined* ballads, *mastery* of their sound and lenient play.

Topping even Pacifica radio, they are probably still the thing to hear out there, if you need to self-flagellate.



... in all their pulchritude!

(THE) SPATULAS – "BEEHIVE MIND"

My bad, predictable and obviously immediate jump to The Spatuals' mere *passing* resemblance to a certain "Galaxie 500 sound" came while listening to their second track "Somewhat Alike" and while the Spats (can I call you that?) are locally affixed to Cambridge Massachusetts as well, I want to go further afield in comparisons— just want to push that thought AWAY and take in their offering, because they give us a lot right here & now.

"Facedown" had me thinking of the recuperative state I'd settle into as a kid whilst taking a trip in the back of my Granny's boat of an Oldsmobile when I was tired of the day. Meandering, it also had me thinking about those built-in lighters that were in cars for so long. Do car manufacturers install those anymore? Lyrically, there isn't much to relate THAT to, but titles paired with sonics are evocative…

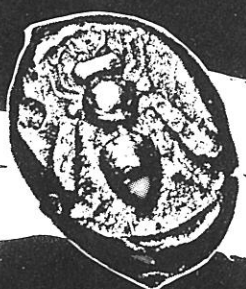
Facedown
We'll look for you, someone I don't know
Go on, you'll find out
You gone, gone too far away

Home, home, home
You gone on, gone on your way here

Gone, gone, they've gone wrong
They have found out
And I doubt they'll find a way out
Out of here alive
Look down and out,
Oh, they're running round down in my front yard
Your body is found facedown

If you use your imagination, "Maya" uses bass and drums to create the title through onomatopoeia. The title is not spoken. We are treated to images "ahead of the dragonfly" and it's nice to envision something that moves so fast paired with a band that keeps up.

dedicated to **Margaret Pratt** aka **Mocean**



In lieu of imagination, this beaut of a tune has an accompanying video found via YouTube that will give you plenty of images and locales to consider and ponder.

Back to the LP. "Shedded Life" serves as the realest rocker of the album. Girls named Sue, Suzie or even Susie may perk up to "Suzie Girl" which makes for the most niche track on the record! "Mother Brother" on the other hand brings us the most relatable number- to the threshold of a family estrangement. Sorry if you don't have any siblings (you are missing out), but if that's your case then try to understand.

Beehive Mind
Behave, beehive mind
Who's got it made?
Whose dad invented the famous spade?
Who's a future money slave?

Who won't tow the line through the broken looking glass?
Lookin' past her
It's her, right there,
With the perfect hair,
The image of beauty,
A picture of human frailty

Doing a dance of feigned innocence
Called out the next to last sell out
The last drunk on the porch

Behave, beehive mind
Who's got it made?
Whose dad invented the famous spade?

And just what is a "Beehive Mind" anyway? A mind that must behave and "who's got it made" …"a picture of human frailty" belongs to another. More tellingly, the mind belongs to that of the one "whose dad invented the famous spade." The mind of a soon to be prodigal child?

"Beehive Mind" is also an altogether dignified record by the group to see around Cambridge MA today, I'd venture.

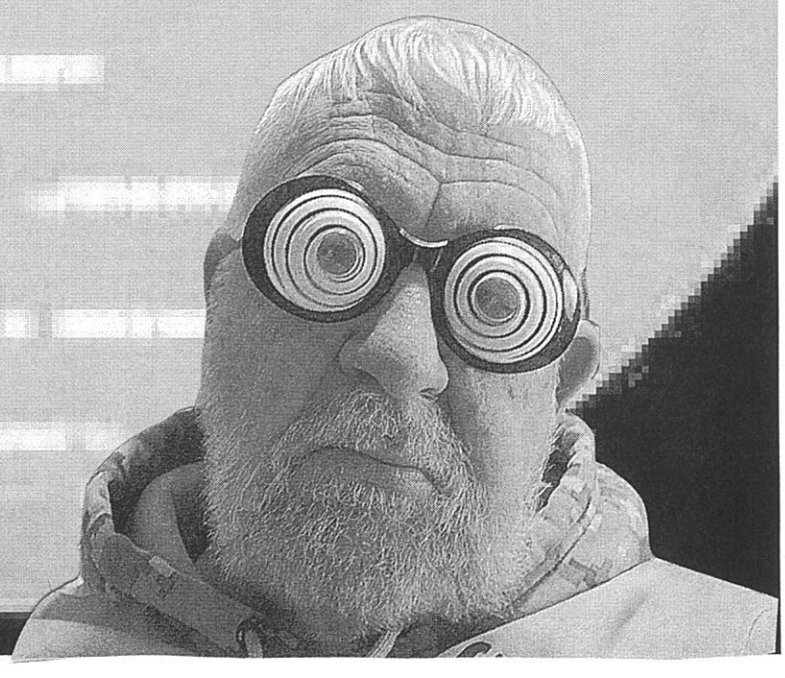
SOME VERY GOOD RUNOFF

HEARD: VILLE EMARD BLUES BAND * HAS GOT JUAN RODRIGUEZ THANKED ON INSERT * STAMPED COVER AND LABEL * GREAT JAMS IN QUEBEC FRENCH * ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO * TUTANKHAMUN * "ABSOLUTE KILLER", TWO SIDES * ROBERT HAIGH * CREATURES OF THE DEEP * PIRTLE FAVORITE, SATIE*LIKE * DNA ON DNA * PARTY RECORD * JASON GROSS AND GLENN O'BRIEN NOTES FAB* BYRON COLEY TOO * LEADS TO MYRIAM GENDRON * NOT SO DEEP AS A WELL * WISH MINE CAME WITH INSERT, BUT VERY FINE * AEROBITCH VS PUNETAZO * GOT ONLY FOR IVAR'S GROUP AEROBITCH, VOM VENOM & MOTORHEAD COVERS! * THE TREMELOES * HERE COMES MY BABY * GOT FOR TITLE TRACK BUT "WHAT A STATE I'M IN" IS ALSO V GOOD * DUKE ELLINGTON * ...AND HIS MOTHER CALLED HIM BILL * BILLY STRAYHORN TUNES INCLUDING "BLOOD COUNT" * CECIL TAYLOR & BUELL NEIDLINGER * NEW YORK CITY R&B * RESTRAINED BUT STILL AS GOOD AS SAY, THAT AEOC * (WHICH WAS ALSO "RELAXED" BUT WITH NO FILLER) * JESSE WINCHESTER * THIRD DOWN, ~~110~~ TO GO * THIS GUY WAS 4-F I BELIEVE AND MADE HIS WAY UP TO CANADIA-110-NOT EXACTLY MY GO-TO SONICALLY BUT JUAN RODRIGUEZ LINER NOTES PAINTS A NICE PICTURE OF A CASUAL HANGOUT SHOOTING PELLET GUNS, EATING OYSTERS AND CHEESE (AND LAUGHING ABOUT IT) AND PLAYING FLUTE ALONG TO THE RADIO, JERRY LEE LEWIS ON THE RECORD PLAYER AND CANADIENS PLAYING THE FORUM 'O MONTREAL... SOUNDS FUN * RIP JUAN RODRIGUEZ * THE LONDON HOWLIN' WOLF SESSIONS * I DON'T MIND THE ENGLISH AS MUCH HERE AND "I AIN'T SUPERSTITIOUS" SOUNDS GREAT WITH ADDED SYRUP *"BUILT FOR COMFORT" IS A SORT OF THEME SONG * JOHN KAY * FORGOTTEN SONGS & UNSUNG HEROES * ~~$~~99¢USUALLY, MOST PLACES, THIS GOES FOR 99¢ * HALF COVERS AND ORIGINALS * VERY UNDERVALUED * SAM THE SHAM AND THE PHARAOHS * ON TOUR * MY COPY IS SCUFFED, GOT CHEAP * THING ABOUT THIS IS THAT IT DOES NOT SOUND LIVE IN THE WAY I EXPECTED * THOUGHT I'D READ UP ON IT AND FOUND A VERY CRUMMY OR SUB*CRUMMY AI GENERATED REVIEW AT DAFT.FM SO I'LL SAY THIS IS MORE "STUDIO" THAN SAY "LIVE BIRD" BY THE TRASHMEN IF THAT IS THE SORT OF ENERGY YOU ARE LOOKING FOR * THERE, ALREADY BETTER * DIONNE WARWICK'S GOLDEN HITS PART ONE * "DON'T MAKE ME OVER" AND "REACH OUT FOR ME" ARE PRESENT BUT NOT "HERE I AM" (MUST BE ON GOLDEN HITS PART TWO) * SLEEP FLEET * HUDSON & HIGH * GIFTED TO ME BY MY PAL JASON WHO HAD BEEN GIFTED THIS DISC BY THE GROUP IN COLUMBUS * DRIVING DUDER ROCK AND SOME ORGAN BY JOE CAMERLENGO, THE BACK SAYS *

... NEW FLEXI! FWP6B!

MORDECAI – "THE SUPERLATIVE LIFE IS FREE"

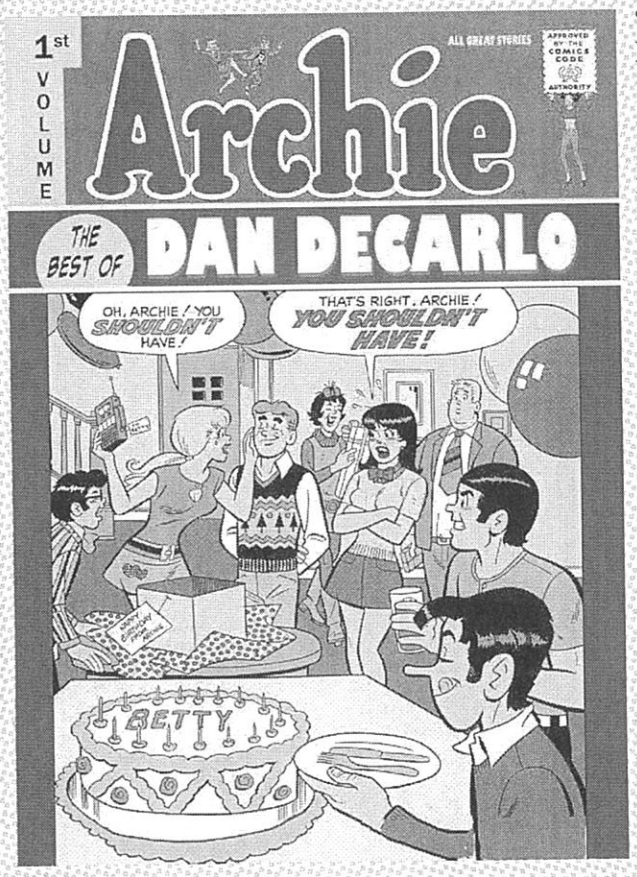
I put out a line on the faux wood website to see who would bite and go in on a FLEXI-DISC and the great MORDECAI of Butte, Montana answered the call! Actually, it was Steve Hesske, who champions this group. After a long and confused back-and-forth over email (in which I had a breakdown that plopped me in a small white padded room where orderlies brought me nothing but tapioca pudding for many days), we finally settled on THE UNIT OFFERING: "The Superlative Life Is Free," initially by the psychedelic vagabond Graham James. TURN ON, PUDNIKS!!



XX ZINE XX MAG XX BOOK XX REVIEWS XX

ARCHIE: BEST OF DAN DECARLO 1ST VOLUME AND ARCHIE COMICS DIGEST NO. 10

My interest in Archie suddenly came about when Chris Stigliano asserted to be a lifelong member of the Archie Club- and anyone who knows him knows that he doesn't steer people wrong in the least when it comes to comics. He hipped people who weren't around for it to Ferd'nand, Dick Tracy, Nancy, Lil' Abner, Winsor McCay, Krazy Kat and- more recently -Jucika, plus much stuff from Gwandanaland, all of which I've taken very seriously (I was born the same month that Foxtrot came into existence, and was brought up on Gary Larson, for context). If Stigs were to put out a book that would fare well in the marketplace, my guess is it would be in the area of comics; of being a Sunday funnies page aficionado and beyond in this 21st Century. MAD, Lampoon, undie funnies, slow death from the 70s/80s onward, international and digital anomalies…



Anyway, Archie. On YouTube there are some old-timers (@The Classic Comic Collector, @Old Guys Who Like Old Comics) who break down the most iconic Archie artists for us.

Dan DeCarlo is one collected artist of note, initially moving from Millie The Model and Atlas Comics to Josie, becoming a definitive Archie house styler. Dan stands next to Samm Schwartz (the Jughead artist, known for his distinctive crooked frown lines), Harry Lucey (whose bikini covers POP- he used thick outer lines that carried over from previous house styles…) and Bob Montana, the SOURCE of Archie, according to The Lake Winnepesaukee website: *"The students and faculty of Bob's high school, Haverhill High, would later inspire the leading characters in Bob's most famous creation, the Archie comics."*

"ARCHIE, THE SWINGING SIXTIES" Vol. One and Two may be out of the casual reader's price range now, but a Blog To Comm review should give you a good summation of those. Montana's work.

MORE Archie names to know and recognize: early Archie mainstays Al Fagaly (not to be confused with Al Harley, an Archie writer who went on to become a born-again Christian and helped establish the Spire Christian Comics company), Bill Vigoda (who produced rounder noggins, starker lines) and Bob White (a solid Lucey imitator with thee starkest lines, I'd bet).

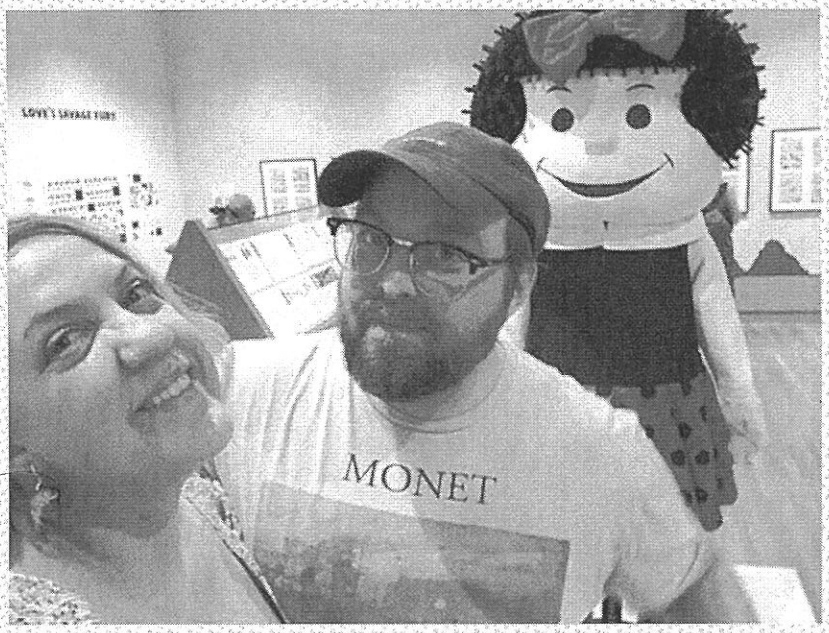
—

IDW books should just be churned out on a constant basis.

—

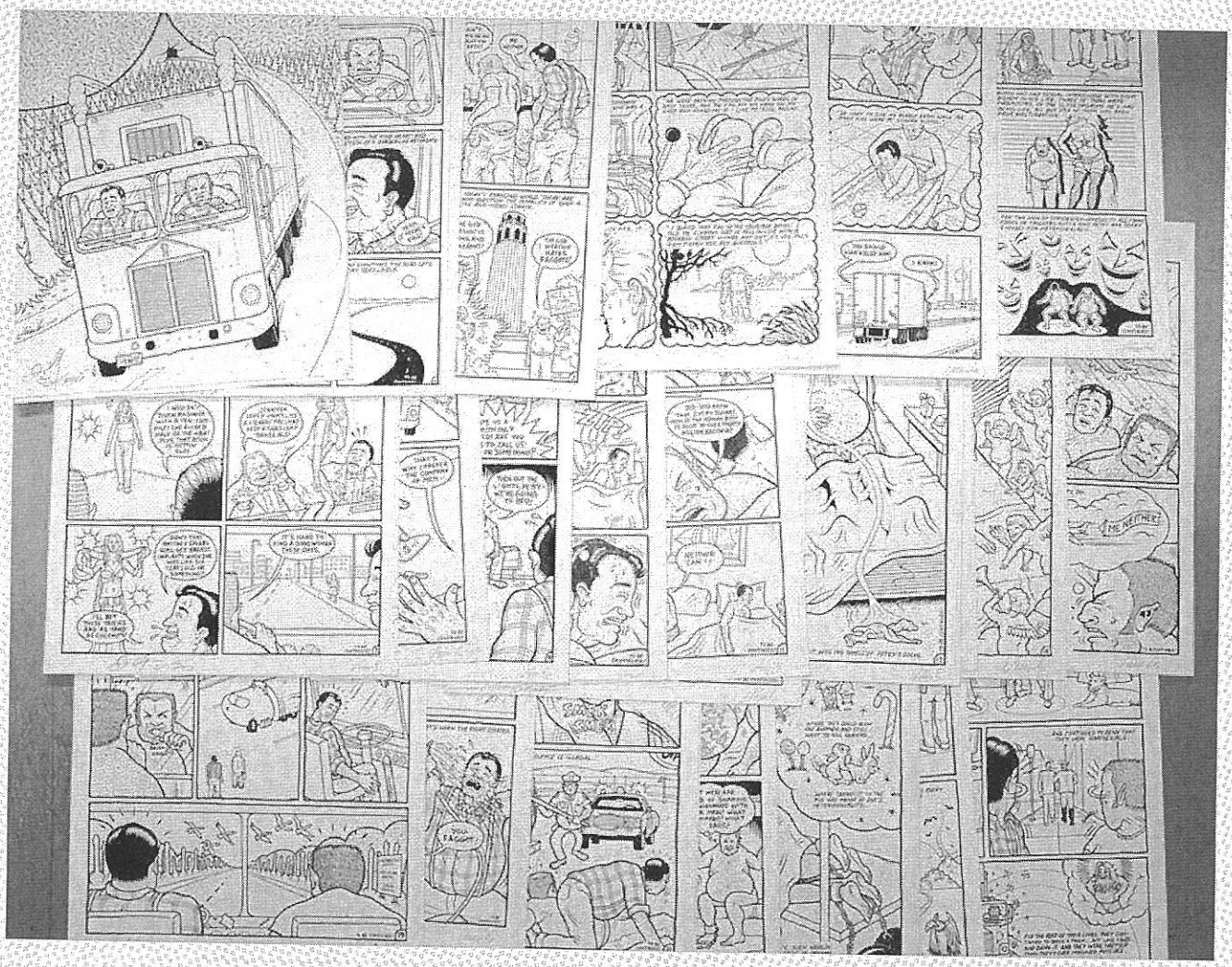
Stan Goldberg's material looks good enough going by his covers and he has some collected volumes as well via IDW. I'm pretty sure that one Archie comic I have from April '88 that Liberty gifted me with is in fact a Goldberg…

It's apropos that after seeing these informative vids I found a copy of "Dan DeCarlo 1st Volume" in Columbus after venturing through the Billy Ireland Cartooning Museum, having just seen the Nancy / Ernie Bushmiller exhibit that is STILL running through November 2024. I've been a fan of those reposted strips for years.



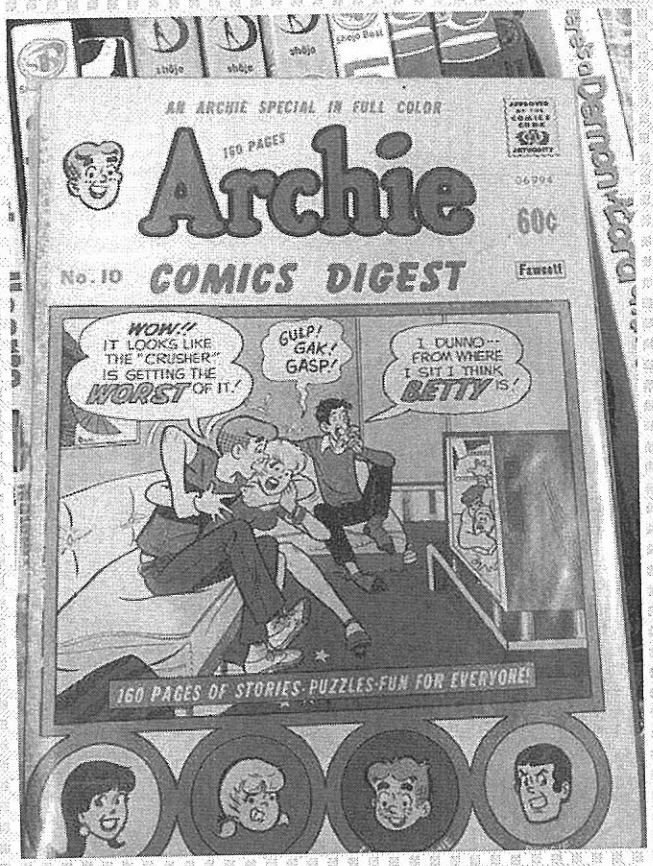
Across campus, the rare book and manuscript room at the Thompson Library was closed for the weekend. But even if it were a weekday I'd need an appointment, so I couldn't see Blanchard & Goad's early work of Trucker Fags in Denial, but whatever, maybe that would have

sullied an already great day with Liberty. The walk to OSU's storied library in the oppressive heat- plus our finding of a dying bird on the ground -nearly botched the day anyway.



Back to this Dan DeCarlo collection- it looks great. I found it inside Kafe Kerouac, a used bookstore/coffee house/bar and hangout that we visited to ultimately cool off and refresh at before leaving the capital. Procured for about 10 bucks.

Back at home, I'd read of Riverdale- an ideal place, an idyllic eternity where troubles are solved or left open ended with new beginnings guaranteed. The 50's/60s/70's depictions match that modus. Dan DeCarlo took the helm from Bob Montana in the mid-70s and it seems to have been a peak and not a valley for the gang. I knew of Archie- only recently have I got the time to study the line work and figures and movements of DeCarlo & others.


AN ARCHIE SPECIAL IN FULL COLOR
160 PAGES
Archie
60¢
No. 10 COMICS DIGEST
Fawcett
WOW!! IT LOOKS LIKE THE "CRUSHER" IS GETTING THE WORST OF IT.
GULP! GAK! GASP!
I DUNNO... FROM WHERE I SIT I THINK BETTY IS!
160 PAGES OF STORIES-PUZZLES-FUN FOR EVERYONE!

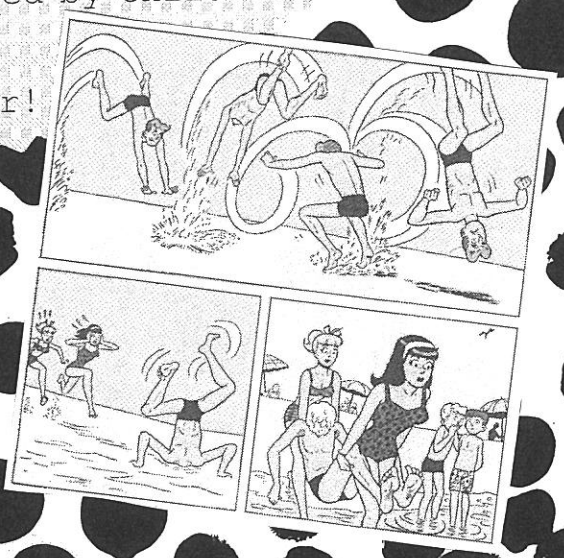
Great. Now for a collection picked up at Bonnett's Books in downtown Dayton, OH. This one- is it DeCarlo? Partially? "Archie Comics Digest No. 10." The cartoonists rarely put their signatures on the page, so let's see if I can discern em'…

Hrrm. If I had to guess this would be a mix of Schwartz, Lucey or Bob White- maybe White considering the exaggeration of line thickness going on, Bob Bolling for the Little Archie segments. Looks like I have more studying to do.

The DeCarlo collection opens simply- with a dedication to his memory which states that he was beloved by children of all ages. Kind of like Archie.

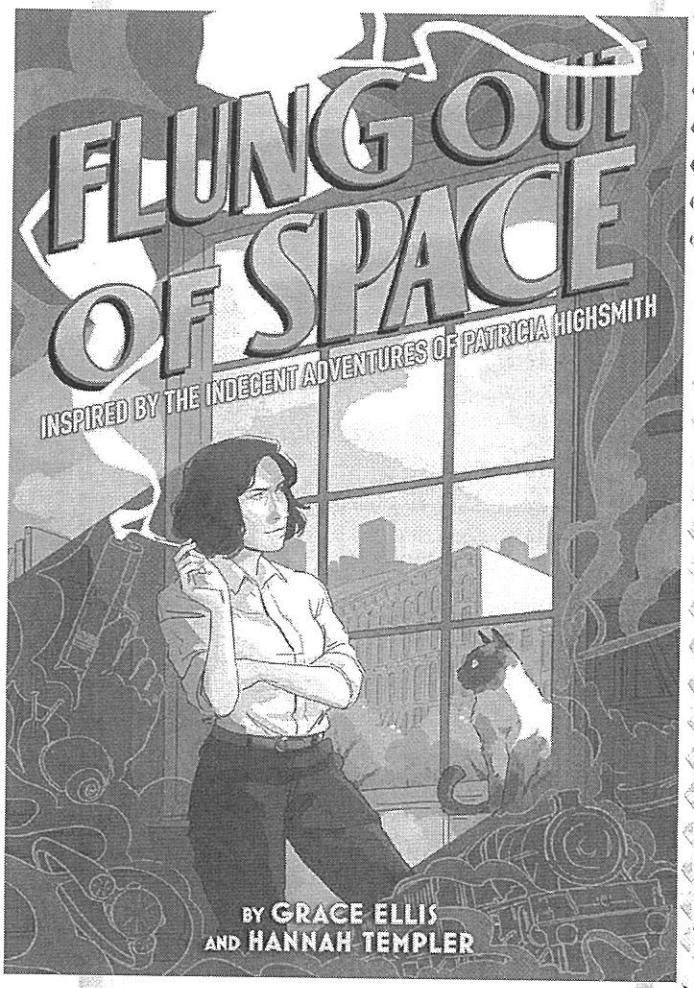
Archie! THE MIRTH OF A NATION! Get familiar!

*****



FLUNG OUT OF SPACE BY GRACE ELLIS, HANNAH TEMPLER

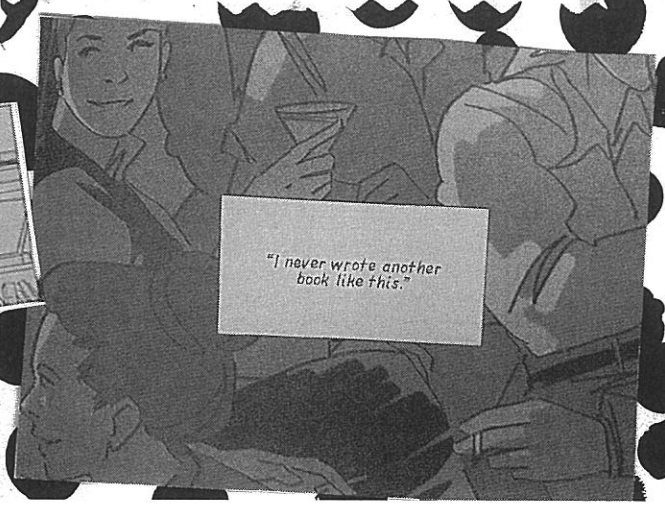
A breeze of a comic- graphic novel, if you prefer - examining the formative and illicit times of Patricia Highsmith, writer of what I hear are many good thrillers featuring sociopathic heroes.

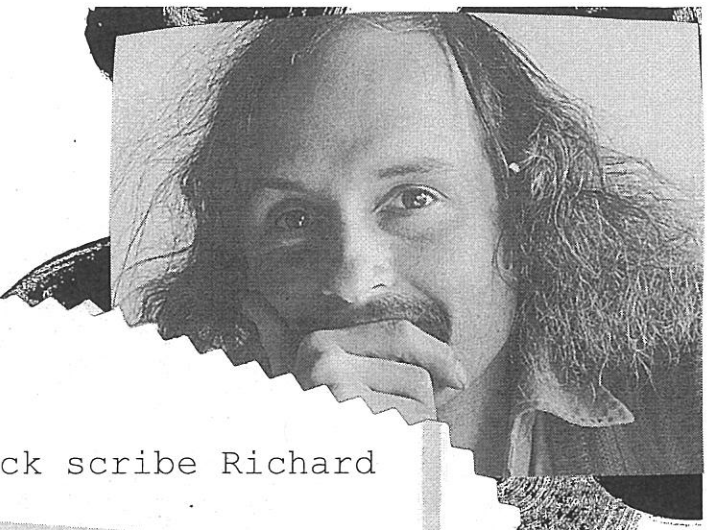


The introduction to this smooth new tome denounces her casual anti-Semitism, but the bulk of the frames and text show a headstrong woman and writer who feels she is ABOVE bending over backwards for the creation of comic books (heh) and suffers the affliction of girl-love.

Nicely illustrated, funny, and who cares about facts… *facts are for playing with*, everybody!

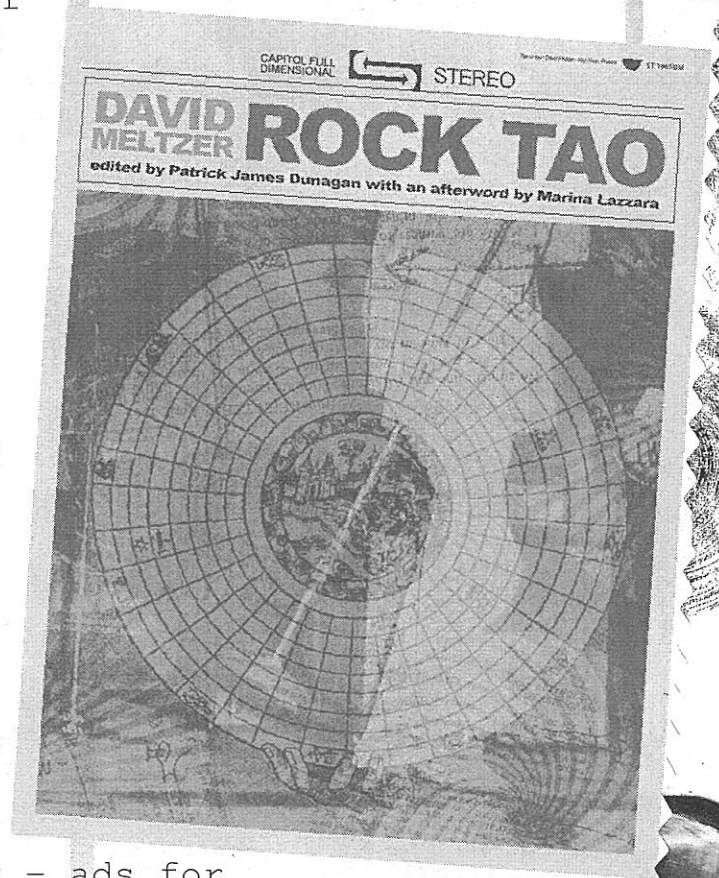
To remedy, the short bibliography at the end of this adventure points the way to heavier Highsmith collections of stories and personal letters that may be of interest. Grace Ellis and Hannah Templer may further complicate Highsmith's unfurlin' legacy and influence in ways they might not have intended or predicted- I'm seeing it largely as a creative exercise as well as an understated cautionary tale.





ROCK TAO BY DAVID MELTZER

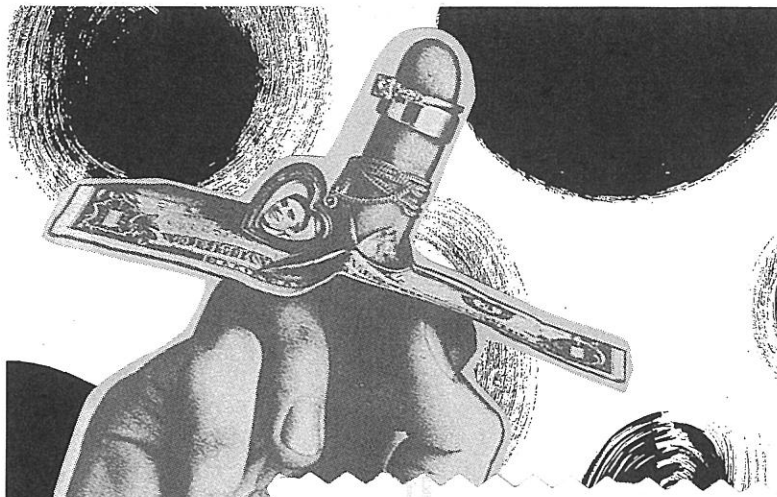
Around the time that our favorite rock scribe Richard Meltzer was putting together "The Aesthetics of Rock" on the East Coast, there was another Meltzer, David, working on something different that covered the same territory on the West side. They would meet in the middle, and in reality, in the early 21st Century.

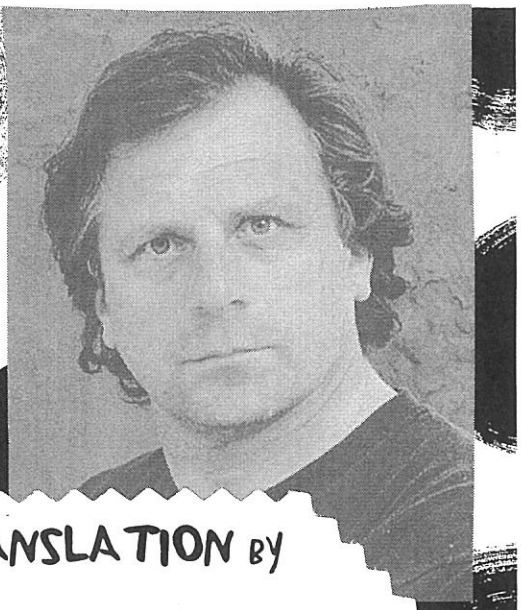

CAPITOL FULL DIMENSIONAL STEREO
DAVID MELTZER
ROCK TAO
edited by Patrick James Dunagan with an afterword by Marina Lazzara

Rock Tao is a collection of excerpts and indent quotes- to my twittering eyes, it looks like a series of reposts.

David listened attentively to the radio, taking down what he heard, perhaps taping things to document exactly what he had to grok - ads for pimple cream, ads for the Beatles, war reports, and then the music itself… Richard's rock book opened with "Surfin' Bird" by The Trashmen. I believe Rock Tao opens with "I'm In With The Out Crowd" by Sam The Sham and as you might know, Nick Tosches referred to Richard as the Sam The Sham of philosophy or some such title… related to Heraclitus? A composite of?

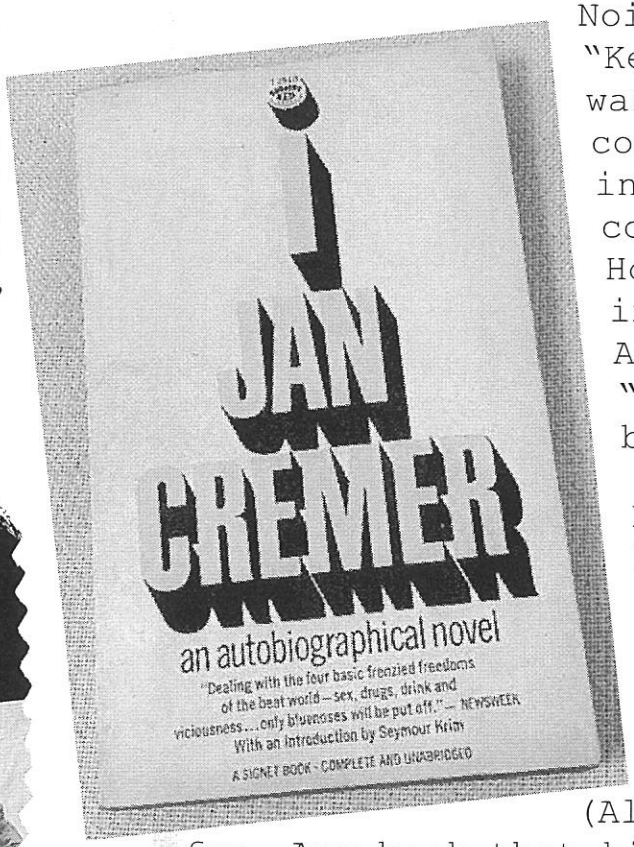
Anyhow! Rock Tao also snatches text from the papers David picked up, and more than a soupçon of his own ruminations for good measure. A damn pleasure to read, but if you want the MUSIC, check out the Rock Tao playlist on Spotify where I have collected each musical ref in the book… oops! Turns out the opener for Rock Tao is actually "The "In" Crowd" by Dobie Gray. Hm-*Get!*



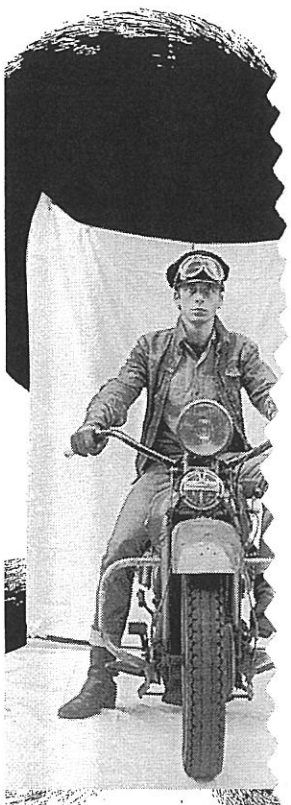


I, JAN CREMER BY JAN CREMER (TRANSLATION BY ALEXANDER TROCCHI)

Another good'un, this one culled from the Richard Meltzer interview with Michael Goldberg (of Addicted To Noise) that appeared in "Kerouac On Record." That book was essential for me as it contains one of the best interviews with Richard concerning beatniks and jazz. However, he drops Jan Cremer into conversation since Alexander Trocchi translated "I Jan Cremer" and it was a bestseller internationally.

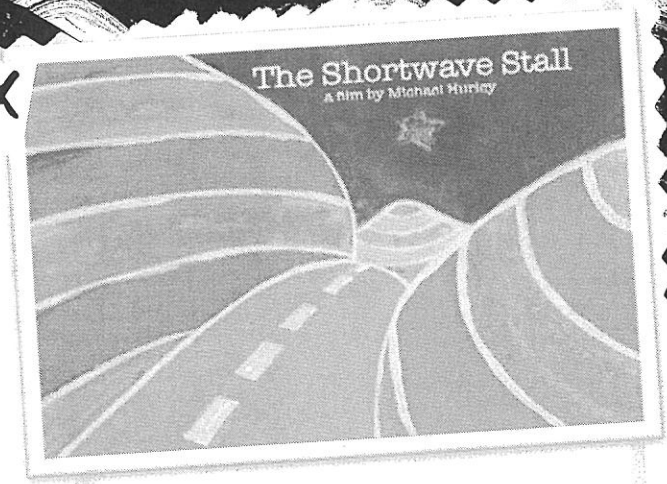

I
JAN
CREMER
an autobiographical novel
"Dealing with the four basic frenzied freedoms of the beat world—sex, drugs, drink and viciousness...only bluenoses will be put off."— NEWSWEEK
With an introduction by Seymour Krim
A SIGNET BOOK · COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

Intrigued, I found a copy in English, cheap, and got through it quickly. Mostly gratuitous violence and sexual escapades, it laid down a good template for Meltzer's "The Night (Alone)" but by itself- *tons of fun*. Any book that kicks off by saying "I woulda been named after Adolf Hitler but then he invaded" or whatever already has a good sense of humor.



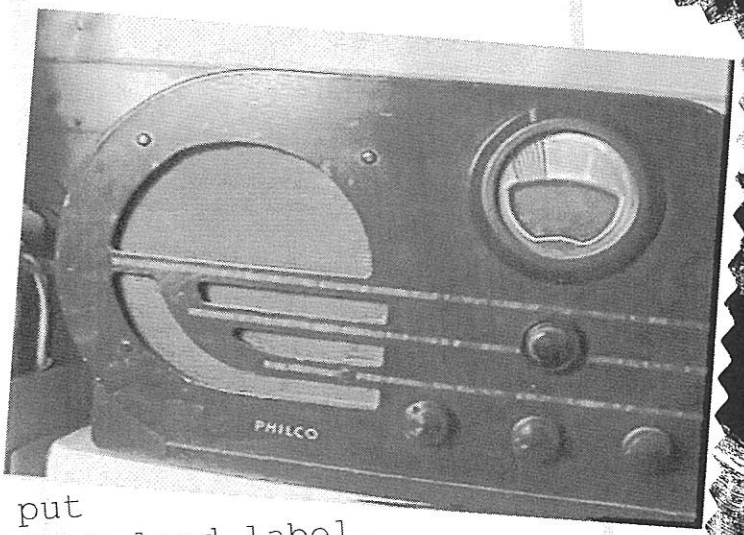
While the last 100 pages were a slog, I completed the novel. When I let my pal Julie know of my accomplishment about a week later, she informed me that Jan had died five days prior! Then I did some math and it turns out I likely finished this book during the last 24 hours of his life. He was 84 years old.

xx FILM xx YOUTUBE xx

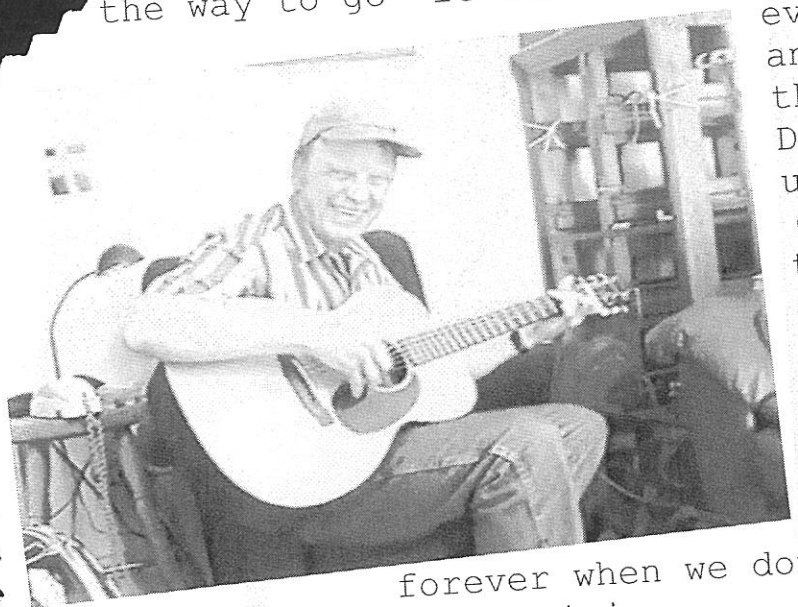


DAVID LIGHTBOURNE, RECOGNIZED!

I knew about DL's memorial vids that were shot & gabbed over by Michael Hurley, but not this other one called "The Shortwave Stall" which is about as honed into my interests as possible! My kinda folkies of The Unholy Modal Rounders ilk, talking about old radios like a '41 or '40 Philco… *FASCINATING!*



David Lightbourne was finally recorded properly at The Blasting Room in Colorado for a wholly unique CD entitled "Monkey Junk" by Stop & Listen Boys, put out initially on Joe Carducci's Upland label. It's now on YT courtesy of myself, but having the CD is the way to go- it has some of the coolest liner notes ever by David Cantwell, an adjunct academic at the time who compared David's "retro-rock" and urban blues emulation (which is transcendental) to the acts of a Borges character, Pierre-Menard. I play the CD when I wash dishes, and feel FINE -- these videos and recordings of David show just what can be lost forever when we don't have people with pristine rearview vision.

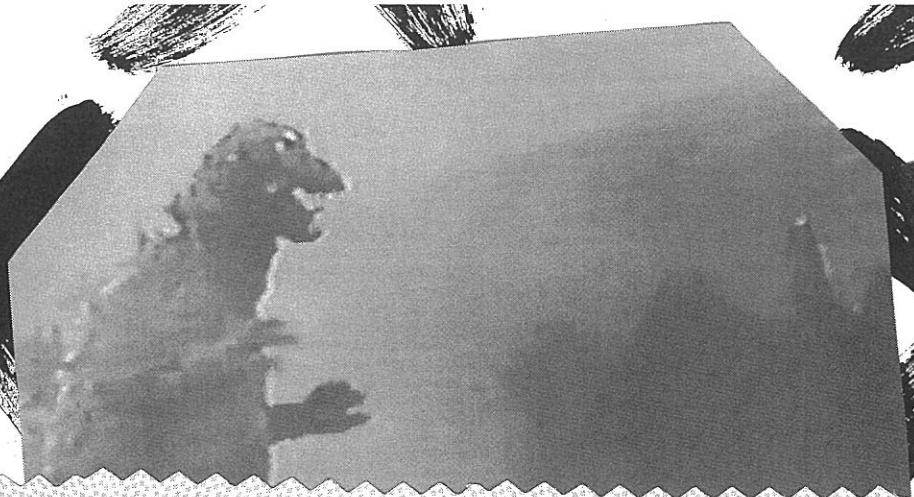


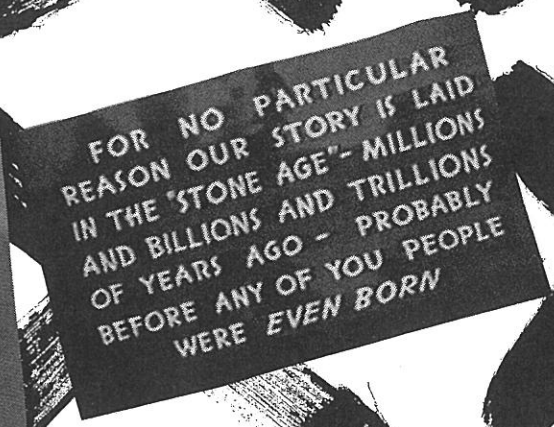
THE LAST OF THE BLUE DEVILS – THE KANSAS CITY JAZZ STORY 1979

stomachchurn's review published on Letterboxd:

Would-be friends, people who know what's up- this is a film to put on during the most mirthful of hangouts.

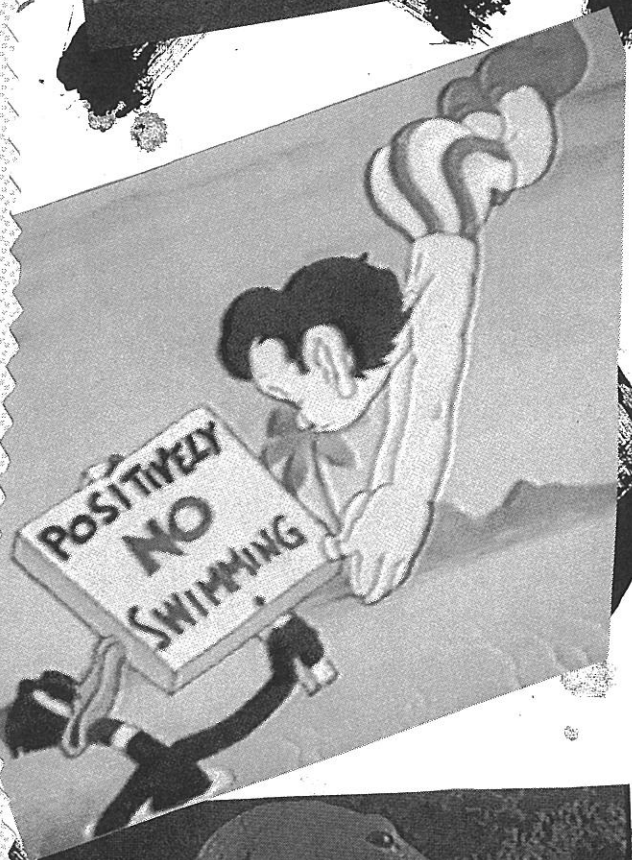
Just the coolest mfers to ever grace the Plains.



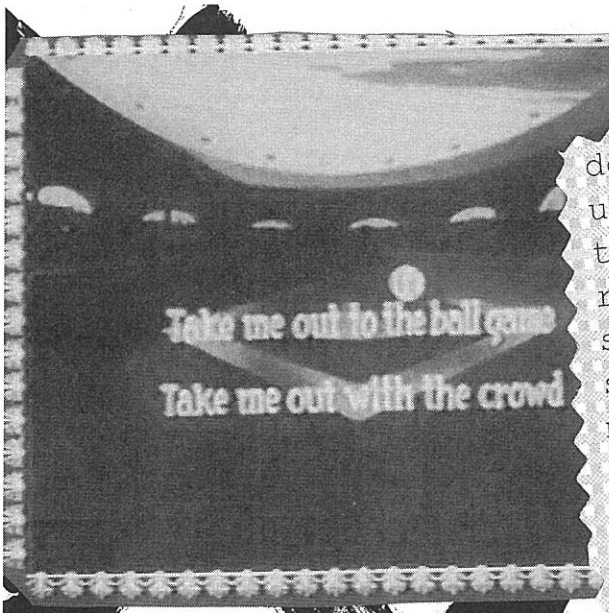

FOR NO PARTICULAR
REASON OUR STORY IS LAID
IN THE "STONE AGE"- MILLIONS
AND BILLIONS AND TRILLIONS
OF YEARS AGO - PROBABLY
BEFORE ANY OF YOU PEOPLE
WERE EVEN BORN

TYRANNOSAURS REX – NATURE SERIES VHS, FROM DIAMOND ENTERTAINMENT + DAN DALTON

One of my favorite tapes. Rambling facts and fictives about dinosaurs are spewed forth by Dan Dalton over old stills, home film footage of gators, turtles (!!!) and claymation footage from sources I just can't identify yet. When the fantastic producers of this montag-o-nastic triumph wanted to kill runtime, they just played an entire cartoon with no commentary ("Daffy Duck and the Dinosaur") and some old Godzilla stuff (featuring Godzilla, Rodan, Mothra and Ghidorah, the Three Headed Monster in "Ghidorah, the Three Headed Monster") with a goofy, overdubbed voice. They (the producers again, along with Godzilla and Rodan) even leaped to another mountaintop in order to sing "Take Me Out To The Ballgame" for no apparent reason, other than the fact that Godzilla is hurling boulders in that particular scene. That's edutainment! Made in the USA!



Now, a quote from our narrator, Dan Dalton, over repetitious music that is being played much too loud: "and they [dinosaurs] may have carried their babies in their mouths as crocodiles



do to protect them from *audible unedited pause* …predators. Similar to the dinosaur, the scales in this reptile are bony plates that look like spades in a deck of playing cards… the skin is thick and covered with tough material which was probably used as an insulation against the weather."

THANK YOU DAN DALTON!

*****

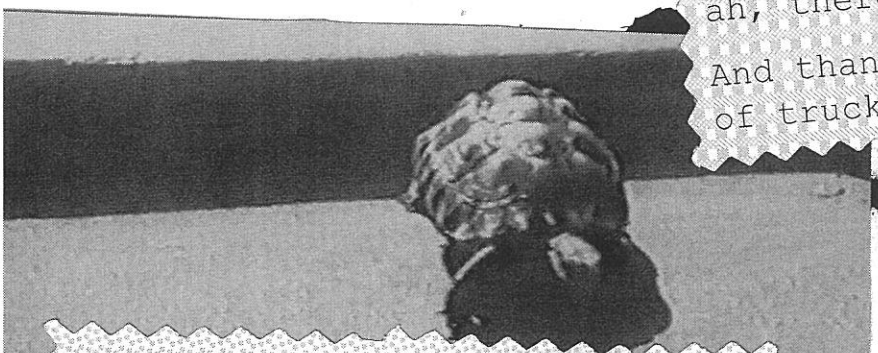
An incredibly entertaining and educational video— the narration, editing (cobbling) together of "facts" and footage from what must have been public domain materials- plus stuff shot on a camcorder by your kid or your neighbor's kid -MADE UP A VHS TOUR DE FORCE THAT WON'T BE FORGOTTEN, AND SHALL NOT PERISH FROM THIS EARTH!

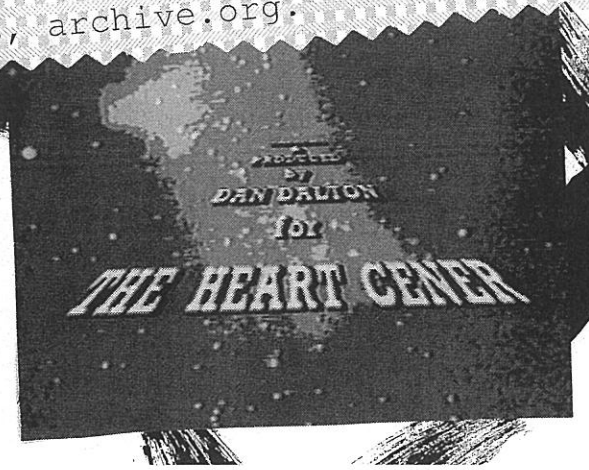
Glad to see it again.

Written & Produced by Dan Dalton for The Heart Cener [sic?] according to the briefest credits ever to roll across the screen George Lucas style, apart from, perhaps, lesser-known High School American History class midterm film projects.

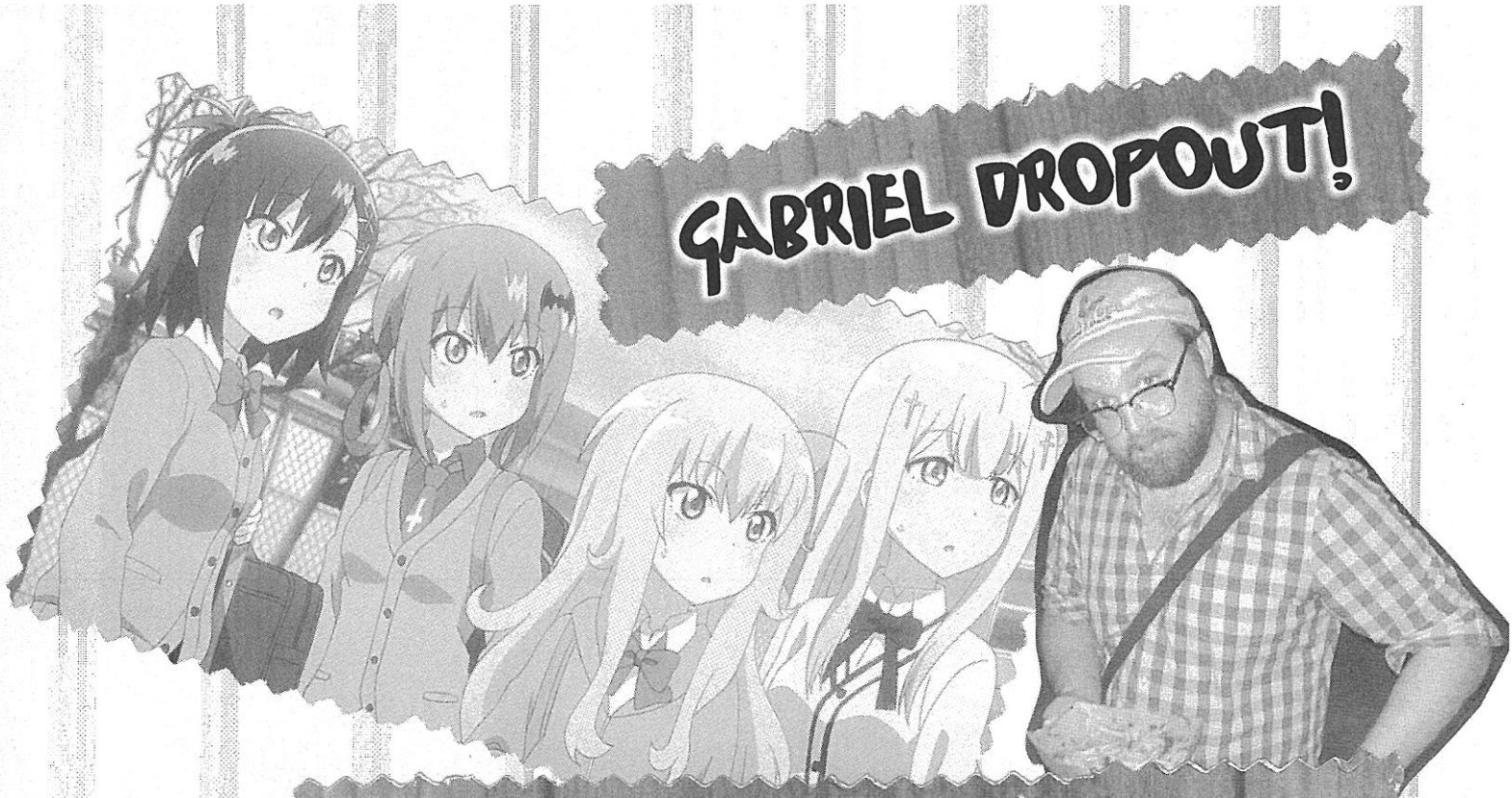
A product of the California Non-Profit Foundation Educational Consultancy … ah, there it is.

And thanks once again to the dumpest of trucks, archive.org.





by Wade (and not @stomachchurn, who couldn't find a Letterboxd profile of this important film)



Gotta tip my ballcap to Crunchyroll for being one of the best streaming services around- NO ADS, TONS OF ANIME. Some of which are good.

This time around, I thoroughly enjoyed GABRIEL DROPOUT!, a tale of two angel-girls *(Gabriel, Raphiel)* and two demon-girls *(Vignette, Satania)* who experience human life in high school and in other Nippon locales. These girls get into tons of funny situations! Haha! I have to say that this KODOKAWA anime is the best situation comedy I've volunteered myself for in a long, long time. It helps that the team behind GD! wrapped everything up in 12 episodes.

You'd figure that a story about angels and demons would be pretty black and white, but no one here meets up to what's expected of them... the angels have *fallen* for human entertainment: videogames, pranks and laziness. The demons would like to see themselves as B-A-D but instead show their own *slave morality*, plus a weakness for the Hell Shopping Network.

Regular jokes occur. A local dog keeps stealing Satania's coveted melon bread at every opportunity, usually without fail. Gabriel out-hellions Satania without trying, much to Satania's frustration. Vignette is usually the straight shooter in this series, resolving both angel *and* demon friend problems, going against her supposed selfish demon nature. Raphiel is the funniest- GD!'s writers and animators walk a tightrope supplying some of the perviest gags in the series *(biggest example: Episode 8, "Fall School Life," about the perils of racing on a track during gym class* in a tight brassiere*)*, but what's better is she's an angel who has surely fallen for long-form pranks, and she doesn't arouse much suspicion in anyone for the bulk of the series.

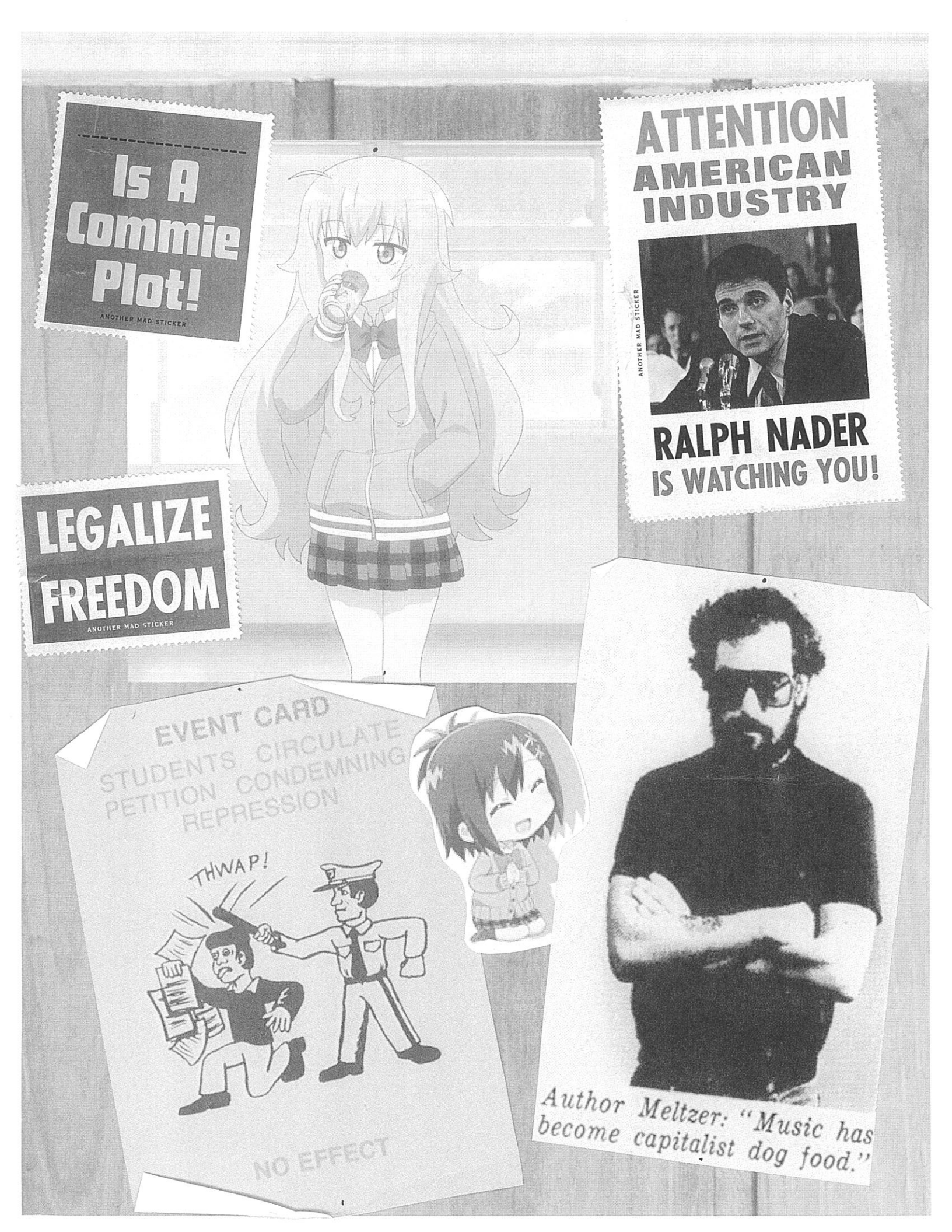
Gabriel DropOut

Hey, at least it's not **GOLDEN BOY**!

(an aside- the ending credits verge on being unnecessarily suggestive, *showing Gab and gals bent in low-cut and tube top silk nighties for no explicable reason, but it can be overlooked and considering the overall harmless quality of this program, I say what the hey)*

Not that there is much of anyone TO suspect her- there are only about a handful of major supporting characters in this whole shebang! Gabriel's gullible colleague Tapris, the coffee shop owner who bores everyone with his knowledge of coffee, Class President Machiko *(who really seems to drop out of the series, curiously)*, the nameless Teacher, Satania's parents, Gabriel's little sister, Gabriel's big sister…

Gabriel DropOut! is about these girls experiencing new & old scenes *(the beach in Episode 4, "Summer Vacation, Ho!" … Heaven and Hell in Episode 10, the aptly titled "The Angels and Demons Return Home")* and new, adventurous things to eat (delicious *takoyaki in Episode 11, "Fun Forever After…" immediately comes to mind*), but for the most part, Gab's incessant need for money to fund her slovenly lifestyle and online videogaming addiction is the heart and soul of GD!'s charming comedy.


Is A Commie Plot!
ANOTHER MAD STICKER
ATTENTION AMERICAN INDUSTRY
ANOTHER MAD STICKER
RALPH NADER IS WATCHING YOU!
LEGALIZE FREEDOM
ANOTHER MAD STICKER
EVENT CARD
STUDENTS CIRCULATE PETITION CONDEMNING REPRESSION
THWAP!
NO EFFECT
Author Meltzer: "Music has become capitalist dog food."